GENERAL LIBRARY
JUN 4 1919
UNIV. OF MICH.

THE REVIEW

A weekly journal of political and general discussion

Vol. 1, No. 2 | New York, Saturday, May 24, 1919 | FIFTEEN CENTS

Contents

Brief Comment 27

Editorial Articles:

The Psychology of Woodrow Wilson 30
The New Congress 31
Exit Austria 32
Reflections on Cooked Food 33

The Middle West and the Peace. By Philo M. Buck, Jr. 34

Dance of Death. By Harry Ayres 35

Correspondence 39

Book Reviews:

Germany's Former Ascendency 40
The Mad English 40
The Bull-Fight 41
The Lot of American Wives. By H. W. Boynton 42
An Object-Lesson for Socialists 43

The Run of the Shelves 44

Drama:

Peninsular and Oriental—Benavente and Kalidasa. By O. W. Firkins 44

Jazz. By Howard Brockway 46

SENATOR LODGE'S statement, issued after the close of the first day's session of Congress, has been taken as an indication that there will be a bitter fight in the Senate against the acceptance of the League Covenant. Nevertheless, it is to be observed that the emphatic portion of his statement on this subject is contained in the expression of his own views; what he says about the attitude of "a majority of the Senate" is much more guarded. Senator Lodge is "satisfied that a majority of the Senate feel very strongly that the League, as now presented, must receive amendment, that in its present form, without any change, it is unacceptable and would not be accepted." When he goes on to declare that "the new form is distinctly worse than the old and more dangerous to the peace of the world and to American rights and interests," he is speaking only for himself. It is true that he is the leader of his party in the Senate; but there have been abundant indications that the party will by no means stand as a unit on this issue. If the Covenant is so bad as Mr. Lodge appears to regard it, and if this view should prevail in a large proportion of the Senate's membership, there will certainly be a bitter fight, for no mere reservation appended to the acceptance of the Covenant as a whole could remove the difficulty. Yet it is in that direction that sober thought must look for a sound and helpful treatment of the question. Long before the issue can be sharply drawn, the country will have been heard from in many ways, and not until then can any estimate be formed of the probabilities either of party or of personal alignment in the Senate.

Another point touched upon by Mr. Lodge gives occasion for reflections of wider scope. Speaking of the treaty with Germany, he says that it is impossible to gather from the summary that has been sent out "what the terms imposed upon Germany in many respects are." Those of us who wish to be candid must admit that this is true not merely on account of any deficiencies there may be in the summary but because of the immense complexity of the terms themselves. It takes much deeper study than any that seems thus far to have been given to it to decide, even approximately, what the economic condition of Germany will be if the terms are enforced. That they are extremely severe it would be fatuous to deny; but on the other hand, those who rush into lamentations over the reduction of the German people to a state of slavery have yet to show that anything of the kind is involved in the conditions. The thing is largely a question of arithmetic, and very little in the way of a sincere and competent arithmetical estimate has as yet been forthcoming. Humiliation there doubtless is in the treaty, and there is grave economic hardship. But unless it be assumed that the German people, either through lack of spirit or through revolutionary disorganization, will be prevented from exerting the tremendous recuperative powers naturally inherent in such a people, it would take a close examination of the facts to justify the assertion that they are debarred from the possibility of renewed prosperity.

THE considerable success of the Anti-Bolshevist campaign in Murmansk is the best answer to the ill-judged outcry against the presence of our troops in Russia. No one has seemed to reflect on why they were there, or on how they could be got out. They were there as a military measure, under the high command of the Allied armies. The purpose was to save war stores which were likely to go to Germany. The opposition of the Bolsheviki created a situation which had to be met. In all this we were simply doing our military duty by our allies. In honor we had no choice in the matter. Hence criticism of our sending a contingent is unfair. It was a necessary incident of our association with the Entente. It had no political color, was not expressly directed against the Bolsheviki but against Germany. Only those whose sympathy with the Russian dictatorship is supersensitive have any ground to complain, and their complaint again should be not against President Wilson but against the Allied high command. In view of what has actually occurred, the sound strategy of the move can scarcely be gainsaid. As our temporary occupation has lengthened, the Murmansk line has become a Russian line. The provisional government of the Archangel region has joined with the Siberian moderates, and a long step has been taken towards restoring self-government to tortured Russia. Luck—yes, but the kind of luck which generally follows the resolute performance of a plain duty. As to withdrawing our contingent instanter, it could neither have honorably been done, nor was it quite easy physically. There are minds which can remove a brigade from the Murmansk bogs as easily as the ivory peg is withdrawn from a hole on the cribbage board. Mere army staffs are incapable of these feats. It takes the imagination of a Henry Ford to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas. The time will come when the United States will be glad to have played its modest part in the Archangel expedition.

ALTHOUGH the German settlement looks difficult for the moment, it really is simple as compared with the proposed partition of Austria. German Austria is reduced to her old geographical limits. There is nothing to fear from her except a possible union with Germany. To such an act of self-determination Europe must reconcile itself. It may not come. If it does, it should not be opposed. No permanent peace can be made on the basis of enforcing an artificial weakness in Central Europe. Our moral and physical guarantees must

be adequate to deal with a strong Germany. The more urgent danger comes from the treatment of Hungary in the Peace Treaty. Unlike Austria, Hungary is potentially strong and aggressive, and in her own mind aggrieved. The local restraint upon her is simply Jugo-Slavia and Greater Rumania. Hungary is cut off from the sea, and finds hundreds of thousands of Magyars scattered through the surrounding Slavs and Rumans. Jugo-Slavia is likely to receive a consideration, due naturally to sympathy for Servia, out of proportion to her power and racial unity. All this is coming about logically enough as a dictate of racial self-determination.

But it is clear that racial self-determination does not in itself promise either justice or peace. It gives no safeguards, for example, to the Moslems and Catholics of Bosnia and Herzegovina, nor to the commercial needs of Hungary. The treaty may merely have moved the Macedonian situation from the Balkans to Central Europe, as too radical treatment of an ulcer on the extremities may drive it into the vitals. Many will feel that in denying Hungary access to the Adriatic across Croatia, which in religion is affine to her, the principle of self-determination has been carried to an extreme. What is certain is that peace depends upon an effective political surveillance of Jugo-Slavia. She is a European nation only by adoption. Such is the patent weakness of the adjustment. The strength of the situation is the strong moral entente between France and Servia. That it is powerful enough to dominate the really very desperate elements of Jugo-Slavia is rather a pious hope than a reasonable expectation. With the external controls of Russia, and Imperial Russia, removed, the Balkan situation is by no means simplified. It will afford a field for all the patience and insight that Geneva can command. To what extent the United States is willing to be involved in such problems is one of the serious questions of the time.

AT first sight the Chinese Consortium represents no more than a business man's application of a political theory—the bankers of America, England, France, and Japan vitalizing the open-door policy—pooling financial resources for the development of Chinese railroads and mines. There are great practical benefits which should flow to China and to the world from the arrangement; uniformity of management and standardization of equipment over the whole field, in place of competitive confusion as under the old system of development within separate spheres of influence, will almost certainly render the enterprise a financial success for the investors of the four nations interested, and an economic boon to the country where it is launched. But the plan has deeper significance and far greater possibilities than those merely of material success. It is the first great experiment in developing the backward portions of the world by international coöperation instead of through the medium of competitive nations. A certain school of thought has long held that the most fruitful cause of war between nations is the economic friction engendered through over-competition, development of nationalistic aspirations within, and among, the so-called spheres of influence. One need not accept this doctrine unreservedly to agree at least that international friction will be lessened if there is more coöperation and less competition in any given sphere of world activity. A hundred-billion-dollar stock company of the world might not inconceivably prove a more powerful peace agency than international courts and fleets.

IT is gratifying indeed to discover a ray of sunshine in the otherwise cloudy record of the Post Office Department. The air mail route between New York and Washington has ended its first year with a book profit of twenty thousand-odd dollars, with a record of 128,000 miles flown and 193,000 pounds of mail delivered. The service was an experimental one, and the novelty of the air mail made it possible to charge almost any postage desired, so the financial balance one way or the other is of secondary importance in judging the success of the venture. What is important, and what is gratifying, is that the everyday commercial possibilities of the airplane as a means of rapid and dependable communication received a thoroughly successful tryout. The same six machines that started, finished out the year and are still in use and going strong. Our machines made as many as one hundred and seventy-nine flights without a forced landing. There were no crashes and no fatal accidents, and only one man was seriously hurt. These gasoline postmen of the air seem to have flown day in and day out in all sorts of weather, and to have adhered to schedule with the nonchalance of a bored letter-carrier. Stunt flying is necessary to train combat pilots, but commercial exploitation of the air will only come through careful, businesslike hack flying over prescribed routes.

WHOEVER may be preparing to dance gleefully at the approaching funerals of John Barleycorn, the doctors are not among them. At a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine not one but viewed his official departure with apprehension, not one who failed, with all his faults, to do the "good familiar creature" some sort of reverence. Who better than the physicians should know the ills that throng his train? Yet these same careful observers felt no conviction that drink's attendant ills would meekly consent, like widows of Hindustan, to share the grave of their late master. Fickle pensioners that they are, these evil ministers of the great devil may, in the doctor's opinion, enlist under new and more hostile banners to plague mankind with fresh virulence. Though the full measure be known of the harm done by the soon to be the late king, the extent of the ills he saves us from is yet to be discovered. It has yet to be proved that the thing that makes drunkards may not, if recourse to drink become impossible, make many of these unfortunates even more of a menace to themselves and to society. Again, how much the world will lose through the absence to themselves of the age-long social solvent, how much the poets will suffer through the lack of an occasional beaker full of the warm south, how much the philosophers will regret that goblet which passed from hand to hand among the three, while Socrates discoursed to the other two upon the kinship between comedy and tragedy, we do not know. The losses may be more than balanced by the gains, and great gains there undoubtedly will be; but the possible losses are large enough to claim real attention.

IN writing last week on the purposes and ideals of the American Legion, we took occasion to sound a warning against the danger of its becoming involved in political manipulation and self-seeking. Since that time, fuller accounts of the doings of the St. Louis caucus have come to hand; all of which indicate that the convention was dominated by an admirable temper of non-partisan nationalism, and an aggressive exclusion of self-interest. Several semi-pernicious resolutions proposed from the floor were vociferously howled down. The convention refused overwhelmingly to take a stand on prohibition; and it appears that after all no Presidential straw-ballot—official or otherwise—was ever taken, this rumor having its origin in the fact that a local newspaper smuggled a few ballots on to the floor, which were promptly suppressed and destroyed as soon as discovered from the platform. But the prettiest incident of all was when a certain resolution asking more pay for discharged soldiers was actually reported favorably from committee only to be thrown out neck and crop by a thundering negative voice-vote of the full convention. As one soldier-speaker put it, "we aren't here to get something out of the government, but to put something into it." Shades of the G. A. R.! What is this? An association of war veterans which isn't looking out for itself first

of all? Only time can tell; but in the meanwhile they have made a fine, clean get-away. It doesn't seem as if the country were precisely headed for the demnition bowwows when our "councils of soldiers and sailors" behave in this way, does it?

ONE great lesson already learned from the transatlantic attempts is that the seaplane is the only logical heavier-than-air vehicle for ocean flight. Had it not been for the ability of NC 1 and NC 3 to alight on the water and ride out a small gale, there would have been ten dead men floating around within a few hundred miles of the Azores instead of fifteen very live and very confident naval aviators at Ponta Delgada. Only fog, it is true, prevented all these craft from gaining their objectives: but if not fog next time, it will be storm, headwinds, loss of direction or engine trouble —any one of a number of causes to compel a descent; and a forced landing in mid-ocean means death, unless the machine can remain afloat to be rescued or can proceed on the surface to safety. Read, in the NC 4, achieved a sensational, epoch-making flight from land to land, earning the plaudits of the world. But second only to his exploit is that of Commander Towers; his astonishing feat of calmly taxiing in to his destination at Ponta Delgada after being fog-bound at sea for two days and virtually given up for lost, is a revelation of the seaworthiness of aircraft amid the most adverse conditions. In the still little-known element of the air, unlooked-for trouble and unanticipated forms of danger will for a long time to come be the rule rather than the exception. The highly successful flight, when all goes well, gives rise to a false optimism and teaches but little: and the highly unsuccessful flight, which attempts the well-nigh impossible, and ends in tragedy, teaches nothing at all of air navigation—though it stands to the eternal credit of the hot-blooded, iron-hearted courage of men who are willing to venture their lives on the short end of a glorious thousand to one bet.

IN the past week the Metropolitan Museum has been host to the College Art Association of America and to the American Federation of Fine Arts. The proceedings of both bodies were of more than usual interest. Both naturally discussed the living issue of war memorials. The smaller body of professors might reasonably claim that their trained students scattered throughout the country were the surest promise of beauty in the war monuments; whereas the Federation might point to its influence in many localities as yet untouched by the professors. On the whole matter of war memorials the Federation has been prompt and adroit in making suggestions and offering advice. More than two hundred and fifty local committees on war memorials have applied for advice to the central office of the Federation at Washington and doubtless many more have consulted the various local committees. The relation of such bodies as the College Art Association and the American Federation to the Metropolitan Museum and its compeers is worth considering. For trained directors and curators the Museum must depend largely on the young graduates from the college art courses. The relation will be mutually advantageous. It will tend to give a practical and professional scope to studies that have been pursued somewhat at random, and it will provide young museum officials earlier and better trained than were most of their predecessors.

ANYONE who reflects upon the past months and years must be impressed with the economic and political virtues, not to mention those of personal character, revealed by the great exigency. He becomes prouder than before, not only of his own countrymen, but of the ordinary people of other nations. He thinks wistfully of what the world might be if the virtues elicited by the crisis could be retained as everyday qualities. Brooding over the events of the war-period, however, tends to a certain balance between desire for the perpetuation of some of its results and misgiving as to the persistence of certain compensating follies—compensating, in that their presence tends to reduce the whole picture to lower tones. The most typical of the war-vices, if they may be so termed, has been extravagance. Higher wages have been spent in suddenly lifting the standard of living to a level from which descent will be attended with much discomfort and perhaps resentment against an inevitable retrenchment. The girl munition-worker has purchased two or three tailor-made suits, a fur coat, a luxurious outfit of silk stockings—an outfit that many a daughter of even the wealthy would not think of owning. The man has bought an automobile and is now used to his luxury, as is the human way, so that it appears to be a necessity, denial of which is a real hardship. Life becomes much more complex and the taste for the simpler satisfactions is on the wane. Perhaps it is hopeless to think of retaining the good and discarding the ill that have come to us through the war; but we should use every possible agency to accomplish just that. In particular the younger generation should be fortified, if possible, in school and elsewhere, to realize that it is not necessary, in order to lead a happy life, that one should have complex and costly satisfactions; but that personal and national well-being are equally subserved by the practice of the simpler virtues of thrift and contentment.

THE "nationalization of women" ascribed to certain Bolshevik committees, whatever the facts may prove to be, gives occasion to remark that if there is to be an assault upon all forms of monopoly, that very strict type of monopoly, the monogamous family, can hardly hope to emerge scathless. As a matter of fact, any attack on property is likely to emerge in the guise of encroachment on marriage and the family. Few realize how intimately marriage and property have been interlocked from the beginning of their evolution; and that the latter has acted consistently, and still acts, as a sort of stabilizer for the former. The wife of status—the real wife as distinguished from the mere consort—was once the bought wife; and when women were purchased with a bride-price, they were proud of what they brought to their kinsmen and were endowed with honorable epithets indicative of the number of cattle or amount of other wealth realized through them. Later on in the evolution of the marriage institution, the status-wife was the one who brought dower to her husband; and her position was made the more stable thereby, for while her husband might meditate divorcing her, he receded from harboring the thought of divorcing, at the same time, the cattle that came with her. He was therefore more complaisant and forbearing, and the union was the more likely to endure.

In marriage there is involved the composition of the interests of many people, in addition to those of the protagonists; one of the chief of these interests is as to the disposition and inheritance of property. But only the children of the status-wife could regularly inherit, or continue the joint interests of the family. Also the whole community has an interest in the disposition of property; for if this matter is unregulated, lawlessness, confusion, and disorder easily supervene, with consequent menace to the well-being and integrity of the society at large. This correlation of marriage and property could be developed at length through its historical phases; but for the present purpose it is enough to note the interpenetration of the two institutions, which is so close that they have varied together, and have stood and fallen together. If property is to be nationalized or communalized, the appearance of the same process in the allied institution is not, at any rate, unthinkable. In any case, the further extremists go in this weird nationalization of women, the safer an Anglo-Saxon community, with its traditions of the sanctity of the family, is from the Bolshevik infection.

The Psychology of Woodrow Wilson

It was Mr. Wilson's achievement to give to this great yearning of the world's masses . . . a winning exposition and a moral unction which caught the imagination of peoples everywhere, riveted their attention upon him as the one man living who sounded their motives and voiced their aspirations, and made him their idol as well as their guide and friend. . . . He was the hope of democracy, and the fear of his enemies was the confidence of his friends. How Mr. Wilson has repaid the confidence which the peoples gave him, all the world now knows. The one-time idol of democracy stands to-day discredited and condemned.—*The Nation*, May 17.

However much the words of the Fourteen Points may be invoked to justify this treaty, one thing is so plain as to seem beyond argument. The world which will result from the document can by no stretch of language be made to agree with the picture which the President had in mind when he went to Paris, or when he spoke in the days of his glory of what was to be accomplished. . . . By the standards of which he himself was the most eloquent spokesman he has failed.—*The New Republic*, May 17.

IN President Wilson's first annual address to Congress, delivered on December 2, 1913, there occurs this passage:

I turn to a subject which I hope can be handled promptly and without serious controversy of any kind. I mean the method of selecting nominees for the Presidency of the United States. I feel confident that I do not misinterpret the wishes or the expectations of the country when I urge the prompt enactment of legislation which will provide for primary elections throughout the country at which the voters of the several parties may choose their nominees for the Presidency without the intervention of nominating conventions.

What possible relation, it will doubtless be asked, is there between this little proposal about the mechanism of Presidential nominations and the colossal phenomena of to-day? What bearing can it have on the bitter disappointment expressed by the *Nation* and the *New Republic* over the final outcome of Mr. Wilson's dealings with the great war and the problem of peace?

The connection is not fantastic. Let us try to forget for a moment that we are living in a time when nothing short of the remaking of the world is regarded as matter of real moment, when millions of deaths are dismissed with little more thought than were hundreds a few years ago, when money sums that do not run up into the billions seem hardly worth mentioning. In December, 1913, a proposal to introduce a vital change in the method of conducting our Presidental elections was a major, not a minor, proposal; and the difficulty of devising a workable method—not to speak of the doubt as to the change being in itself desirable—was perfectly evident to everybody who had given the subject even the most cursory serious thought. But to Mr. Wilson the matter was absolutely simple; and not only as to the merits of the question in the abstract, but as to the certainty of these being universally recognized. He hoped the subject would be "handled promptly and without serious controversy of any kind," and he urged "the prompt enactment" of the necessary legislation. Neither Congress nor the country paid any attention to the recommendation, and if it had come up for discussion nothing is more certain than that the proposal would have been found to bristle with extraordinary difficulties.

The defect here illustrated is not a trifling or accidental one. It is characteristic of Mr. Wilson; and it is most serious. It has been exhibited in his treatment of a score of issues here at home. Carried into his dealings with the gigantic world-problem in whose solution he has undertaken to play the commanding part, it has been productive of consequences which the world is not yet in a position to estimate, but which, whatever other aspects they may present, give ample ground for the feeling expressed in the passages we have quoted from the *Nation* and the *New Republic*. Not once, but twenty times, Mr. Wilson has declared that the settlement to be made after the war must satisfy certain ideal conditions; not only that it ought to do so as nearly as possible, but that it must actually do so. He has pictured all the peoples of the world as imperiously demanding such a settlement, and he has prophesied the wrath to come upon the head of any statesman who failed to live up to the demand. Turn the pages of any collection of Mr. Wilson's speeches, and you come upon passages like that in which it is most solemnly declared that for the obtaining of a secure and lasting peace it is "necessary that all who sit down at the peace table shall come ready and willing to pay the price, the only price, that will procure it"; that that price includes "not only impartial justice, but also the satisfaction of the several peoples whose fortunes are dealt with"; that "national purposes have fallen more and more into the background, and the common purpose of enlightened mankind has taken their place"; that in "the counsels of plain men" everywhere, all this has become perfectly clear; and that "statesmen must follow the common thought or be broken."

These words were spoken little more than half a year ago; it is impossible to imagine them spoken to-day. But it ought to have been as easy last September as it is to-day to see that when the time for the settlement came it could not be of such character as to satisfy all the "peoples whose fortunes are dealt with"; in particular that any peace which satisfied France could not by any possibility satisfy Germany. When Mr. Wilson came to the peace table he was compelled to choose between the one and the other—supposing that he had not already seen the necessity and complied with it. And in many another less crucial matter he has been brought sharply face to face with the fact that "the common purpose of enlightened mankind" is extremely far from having made "national purposes" a thing of the past. Whether all this is as it should be or not, is aside from the point. Mr. Wilson was not in the pulpit, speaking of a New Jerusalem to be attained in some shining future; he was deliberately announcing a programme to be presently fulfilled, and to the fulfillment of which he pledged his own powers as the head of the greatest nation in the world. If it was an impossible programme, a programme which any clear and responsible thinker must have seen to be impossible, the good intentions by which Mr. Wilson's words were undeniably prompted afford little mitigation for his offense.

Mr. Wilson's half-playful characterization of himself as having a "single track mind" cuts deeper than he was aware. The single track that he uses at any given time is the track that leads, or seems to lead, to the immediate object of his desire. The defect which he constantly exhibits is not merely that of impatience with details; a man may be impatient of details and yet take due account of their existence. Nor, indeed, is the trouble usually one of the relation of details to generalities; the things to which Mr. Wilson finds it possible to be blind are often quite as large and significant as those to which he gives exclusive heed. Other famous statesmen have been perhaps as inconsistent as he, but none that we can think of has been inconsistent in the same way. An early warning of his possibilities in this direction was given when, after a brief visit to the Pacific Coast while he was Governor of New Jersey, he declared, without a word of further explanation, that what he had seen in Oregon convinced him that all that he had taught for twenty years about the initiative and referendum was foolishness. If what he had taught was based on a serious consideration of the inherent tendencies of the initiative and referendum, it was manifestly impossible that any experience Oregon had gone through could have sufficed to overthrow his conclusions. Perhaps the most extraordinary instance of failure to think responsibly and adequately before making a decisive pronouncement is furnished by his sweeping demand for freedom of the seas in the second of the

Fourteen Points—the subsequent history of which makes comment superfluous.

That Mr. Wilson has stimulated, in multitudes of high-minded men and women, noble hopes and aspirations is undeniable. His sincerity in the expression of his own ideals we have no desire to question. But it does not follow that the net result has been good rather than bad. The practical evil of a mistaken course may far outweigh the good that is attained by the excitation of beautiful sentiments; and even that excitation itself may be unwholesome in the long run. It is pretty sure to be unwholesome if after its subsidence there is left a feeling of hollowness and illusion. During half a century the hearts and minds of Americans have been uplifted and strengthened by the example of Abraham Lincoln as by no other. Through all that Lincoln said and did there runs a clear and high ideal; but declarations of ideal purpose are almost as scarce in his utterances as they are abundant in those of his latest successor. His eyes were kept steadily upon the limitations of possible achievement; his mind grappled unflinchingly with the difficulties that were inherent in his task. Let us hope that in confronting the sober realities with which the country is now called upon to deal Mr. Wilson may, after the chastening experiences of the past few months, come nearer to following that great example.

The New Congress

THE Congress which met in special session this week is confronted with problems unprecedented in magnitude and complexity. So fully is this recognized that the general expectation is that little or no interval will separate the present session from the regular session beginning next December. Partly on this account and partly because of the peculiar circumstances of the situation, the proceedings will, from the beginning, take on more or less of the character of a prelude to the Presidential campaign of next year. Accordingly, much as it might be desired that the urgent demands of the country's welfare, as well as the difficulties of the international crisis, should be met by united and non-partisan effort on the part of our national legislature, it is idle to expect that any such counsel of perfection will be followed; all that can be hoped, and this it is reasonable to hope, is that upon those questions which are not in their nature strongly affected with a party interest the work of the Congress shall manifest this high and patriotic spirit.

Among these questions are to be counted all that relate to the readjustment necessary for the obviation of impending economic evils, and for the removal of those which, as a consequence of the war, are already with us. There ought to be no difference between Republicans and Democrats, between Wilson men and anti-Wilson men, as to the eagerness of their desire to cure and to prevent unemployment; to provide opportunities for our returning soldiers to settle upon the land; to improve the apparatus of conciliation between labor and capital; to aid, at least by adequate investigation and information if not otherwise, toward the solution of the housing problem which the stoppage of building operations during the war and the extremely high prices of building materials have made acute throughout the country. Upon these and similar questions an early and concentrated effort should be directed by Congress.

In the domain of ordinary governmental activity, there is at least one constructive measure which should command the same degree of harmony. We are fifty years behind time in our lack of a budget system, for throughout a period of somewhat that length its introduction has been urged by a succession of responsible statesmen. But the colossal expenditures of the war period have made plain to the general mind what formerly was acutely recognized only by persons specially interested in the subject. Expenditures, to be sure, will not continue on quite the gigantic scale which we have been witnessing during the past two years; but they will still be large beyond all previous precedent, and, in any case, the lesson has been learned. To lay out programmes for national expenditure which runs into the billions without coördinating its items, without concentration of responsibility, with no assurance that any given part will bear anything like its due relation to other parts or to the whole—this is so preposterously absurd that the proposal of a decent substitute ought to be tantamount to its adoption. The time is as ripe now for the creation of a budget system as it was six years ago for the creation of the Federal Reserve system; and, as compared with the latter, the budget proposal has the advantage of not being bound up with any conflict of great interests. The Federal Reserve bill, though it had a stormy time in its various remouldings, was at last accepted with a gratifying approach to unanimity; the same result, and with far less trouble and struggle, should be attained in the present session of Congress for a budget system.

As to issues on which the parties are sharply divided, the circumstance that the Presidency is held by one party and the control of Congress by the other ought to operate as a check upon the diversion toward those issues of energy which should be applied to the best possible treatment of the great problems that are pressing upon us. Upon the tariff, for example, any legislation distinctly obnoxious from the Democratic standpoint would have to expect the Presidential veto, which the Republican margin in Congress is too small to override. But whether this reasonable and practical view of the situation will actually prevail depends on the breadth or the pettiness of the spirit of the party leaders; for, of course, the very fact that certain bills could not be enacted into law might be utilized as an opportunity for waving the party flag without assuming the responsibility of actual legislation. Let us hope at least that no great amount of the time of Congress will be expended in manœuvres of this kind.

The railroad question belongs in a different category. No single issue in our domestic affairs compares with this one either in difficulty or in the momentousness of the consequences involved. Public sentiment will approve the return of the railroads to private management at as early a date as is practicable for a proper arrangement, with a heartiness beyond anything which a year ago seemed at all likely. It would be too much to say that government management has been so fully tested as to leave no room for doubt; but the presumption against it was powerful to begin with, and instead of being weakened has been enormously strengthened by experience. The pertinacity with which those who objected to our sliding unawares into government ownership insisted on the insertion of a definite time-limit in the railroad-control bill has been fully vindicated. Were the case otherwise, all that would be necessary for the indefinite continuance of the present régime would be the failure to pass any legislation, a thing which might easily be accomplished; as it is, the failure of legislation would mean merely a chaotic instead of an orderly return of the railroads to private ownership. Even so, the problem is difficult enough; but it ought not to be beyond the power of Congress to effect a good working solution.

It is upon the subject of the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations that the highest test of the quality of Congress will occur. The debates in the Senate will doubtless be open. No greater opportunity has ever been presented to what used to be spoken of as the most august legislative assembly in the world. But it will not rise to that opportunity unless some man be found

big enough to set the note which must be struck if the discussion is to be in any degree worthy of the theme. It is not impossible for a man to subject the provisions of the treaty, or the contents of the League Covenant, to searching examination and yet keep himself free from the charge of being either a carping critic or a partisan advocate. Mr. Root's remarkable letter to Chairman Hays might well be turned to as a model of this kind of examination. From the point of view of party policy, no greater mistake could be made by the Republican leaders than that of factious opposition either to the treaty or to the league. They must show plainly that they desire to make the best of both; that if they can not give either one or the other ungrudging assent it is not for specious or interested reasons but on grounds that honest men must recognize as weighty. There must, on the other hand, be no attempt to stampede the Senate; discussion should be ample and fearless. But mere time-consuming debate, debate that makes no real contribution to understanding, would be as inexcusable as partisan or insincere opposition would be. If the Senate should rise to the height of the occasion, it will not only worthily perform a great duty but will inestimably raise its own standing before the country.

Exit Austria

OF the three empires that have crumbled in the world war only the Austrian Empire excites in its downfall anything like sympathy. The end of Czardom seems merely a personal tragedy. Our minds were prepared for Russian revolution. Again the German *Kaisertum* was too recent and spectacular to inspire sentimental regret. Its grandiosity was too self-conscious to seem quite real. Austria has sunk on the whole ignobly, a victim to such wiles as she herself invented, a sacrifice to her own incompetence; bankrupt in diplomacy and unheroic in war; yet no historically minded person will fail to pay to the deceased Austrian Empire a tribure of sentiment in which disapproval and sympathy blend paradoxically. Since the Peace of Westphalia, 1642, Austria had maintained a simulacrum of the Holy Roman Empire. Though her Emperor waived the empty title in 1806, the Austrian Empire remained, if in reduced caricature, a still recognizable representative of the world dominion of the Cæsars as of the visionary aspirations of the Hohenstaufens. For an imaginative person there is a certain pain in the dismemberment of Austria. So if the Coliseum fell into ruins, a world that by no means approves the gladiatorial games would none the less mourn.

The still potent spell of the Austrian Empire is the more worth studying that it rests on nothing more substantial than memory and a name. Austria did not even inherit honestly the Roman title and the Roman notion of universality. Ever since the peace of Westphalia, she has lived frugally on a glamour which she had bought or borrowed two centuries earlier. As the Middle Ages broke up and a kind of anarchy preluded coming nationalism, the name of Roman Emperor retained prestige; it had the intangible value of a trade-mark or commercial good will. It meant at least an ideal and a memory of order and unity amid distressing disorder and diversity. A few patient and scheming members of the Royal House of Hapsburg had the sense to perceive the value of the Roman label and the sagacity to pay the price for it. Thus the Austrian Empire rose in a very curious fabric of faith, fraud, and fatigue. Its assets were the unremitting, intelligent machinations of such Emperors as Frederick III, Maximilian, and Charles V; next the imperishable faith of mankind in the name of the Empire; finally the fatigue of Poland, Hungary, and Bohemia worn out by the stern business of stemming the Moslem invaders.

About fifty years before Columbus discovered America, a lethargic and despicable but thoroughly intelligent monarch, Frederick of Hapsburg, made the discovery of Europe. Upon that discovery the Austrian Empire was to live for nearly five hundred years. Frederick saw in the matter of contesting claims, in the apparent confusion of statelets throughout Europe, a complicated instrument which a clever man might learn to play. In his lethargic fashion he learned to control the stops and pedals. Of diplomacy, which had been an unwelcome and occasional resource of his heroic rivals of Poland and Hungary, he made a constant study and occupation. Racial hatreds, national jealousies, ecclesiastical feuds, constituted his diapason. And the dominant of the harmonies which he contrived to wring from so unpromising a stave was the universality of avarice. He never let self-respect stand in the way of power. He assumed the crown of Charlemagne in 1452, and as he rode away from St. Peter's to meet his young bride at the Lateran, on the way he thriftily peddled in the open street a few noble titles, not to mention some hundreds of simple knighthoods.

From him the Austrian Empire received a color which it never lost. Power was to be gained by dynastic marriages, by capitalizing the weakness and prejudices of vassal states, by distribution of honors and patronage, by money bribes. The plan worked because it was based on a deep understanding of human weakness. The Empire was built chiefly on negation, on keeping out of the dangerous and heroic realm of statesmanship while advancing unremittingly on the safe and certain level of politics and the lower diplomacy. To be sure, there were heroic interludes. Frederick's successor, the amiable and adroit Maximilian, not merely profited as honest broker for Middle Europe, but wheedled a personal military establishment out of his exhausted and loyal nominal empire. From this foundation Charles V spread the transient military glories of the Empire as far as Africa and the new Americas. The following Hapsburgs, rather through inertia than by deliberate choice, ceased to play at being Hohenstaufens, and gradually the impatient and unmanaging new nations of Northern and Western Europe clipped the Empire about the edges, till the Hapsburgs were left as tolerated trustees of the uncoveted and refractory states of Central Europe.

Even in this reduced condition the Empire retained its capacity for management, and withal an inexplicable prestige. Too slack to stem the latest of Turkish invasions, Sobieski and his Poles did the work. Frederick the Great soon did the dirty work of destroying Poland, and Austria, who had spent little in brains or blood, came off with the larger part of the spoils. Napoleon made a mockery of the tradition of Austrian military power, but Austria largely dictated the terms of the Holy Alliance after Napoleon had been overthrown. Austria was still to hold together for a century by practising her traditional politics. Where she must, as in dealing with Hungary, she yielded sufficiently to the new nationalism. She let Hungary pay for her independence, however, by assuming the odium of controlling the Southern Slavs. Geographically and racially the Empire remained a survival from the fifteenth century, and the old arts sufficed to maintain out of the jealousies of the Czech, Magyar, and Croat a troubled equilibrium for the Empire. It was an anachronism, but for internal purposes it worked.

Where Austria failed was in neglecting to develop a new Frederick III to rediscover the changed Europe. Her traditions had passed over to Bismarck who, however, knew how to capitalize not merely men's weaknesses but also their strength. Austria was readily outmanœuvred in the Schleswig-Holstein settlement of 1863, and as easily outfought in the brief inglorious war that ended with Sadowa. She no longer had a European policy. Italy beat her in diplomacy and in the field. In compensation Austria indulged expansionist visions really contrary to her interest. Germany treated her, as she herself had treated Hungary, as *agent provocateur*

for the Balkans. Austria never ran less true to form than in those anguished days after the assassination at Serajevo, when for an ideal of self-respect and dynastic vanity she permitted a European war. It was a romantic lapse into Hohenstaufenism which hastened the fall of the Hapsburgs. Austria has had the grace, after five hundred years of opportunism, of dying for the imponderables.

With Austria perished the ideal of domination by intrigue over clashing races. Her long and fairly successful experiment in empire had the merit of demonstrating to the uttermost limit just how much can be done by a rule based solely on ruse and shrewdness. In one sense the crumbling of Austria is a blow to internationalism everywhere. It is a blow, however, only to her particular type of internationalism. We have the great task of substituting a new and better sort. The testing ground of our new ideals will be the old Austrian Empire. It would be foolish to pretend that the prospect is bright. Self-determination is no panacea. It threatens once more the particularism that was the plague of the Middle Ages. Yet when Frederick III and Maximilian found a palliative for the anarchy of the dying Middle Ages in guile and bribes, shall we despair of finding a new bond of nations in the imponderables of justice and mutual understanding and positive common interest?

Reflections on Cooked Food

PEOPLE always look for the social revolution in the wrong place—in red flags, party platforms, Bolshevism, and world covenants—all transient and unfundamental phenomena. The other day we saw the real thing—the Social Revolution spinning rapidly up our street and stopping in front of a neighbor's house. The Social Revolution came in the shape of a Ford delivery car, delicately paneled with heliotrope and bearing the legend—Cooked Food. The Reds of the New Revolution turned out to be two Blacks, one of whom operated the car, while the other delivered my neighbor's dinner in a shining tin conveyor, heated from within. Meanwhile the ancient sun went down in the old order behind the heliotrope car.

At all times dinners have been taken out of the American home in a tin conveyor. The full dinner pail is legendary. What was revolutionary was the reversal of direction—the full dinner pail invading the home, and all that that implied. It implied, we assumed, that Mrs. Financial Expert had given up the long fight to keep servants. It signifies, too, that Mrs. F. E. had reacted against a future of culinary servitude. It meant a shift in domestic legend and chronicle—the complete obscuration, for example, of the cookies that mother used to make. The children of the next generation would no longer indulge these saccharine phrases, but would impersonally recount to their children the merits of the heliotrope delivery car vs. the green, withal the relative advantages of *table d'hôte* and *à la carte*. These children would begin where we used to end. As this cheerful reflection took form, the Social Revolution, with what seemed an ostentatious rattling and bumping, backed, executed a quick turn and moved out of our street into the twilight.

What will be the career of the maidless and stoveless housewife of the future, the imagination refuses to define. One likes to think of energies released for self-improvement and civic activities, for fuller companionship in the household; and something of that there will be. It will mean also the end of certain individual delectations. To live on cooked food is one thing, to entertain on it is another. Shall the social feasting of the new era be merely exchange of the freight of some heliotrope car and of the contents of standardized glittering cans? Will some joy go out of feeding socially and being fed? The loss must be considered with the gain. Or may even every woman's cooked food be sufficiently diversified and florified by every man's private stock illicitly husbanded since the going into effect of the eighteenth amendment? And when the private stock shall have been exhausted, as exhausted it some day must be, how shall we then retain the individual note in collective gourmandaise? Or does the advent of the heliotrope van mark the end of old-time sociability?

So much is certain—that the gentlewoman of moderate means will soon have to choose between cooked food and boarding. Her old position as mistress in her own house, directing its work, is as obsolete as chivalry. She will either have to do its work herself, or get it done by outsiders who are in no sense her servants. The old-fashioned middle-class household becomes a receiving station for ready-cooked food and occasional service. This means a new set of folk-ways. The professor's wife and the small lawyer's will perhaps gain in time and tranquillity by substituting corporate for personal service. At least they may thereby continue to escape the domestic servitude which is the lot of most women. What cooked food and contract charring are doing is to make a new social cleavage. In fact the old line of demarcation between women was drawn by the presence or absence of the servant in the house. And in principle it didn't greatly matter whether the servant in the house was one or twenty; the gentlewoman began where the cooking and dishwashing wife left off. There were plenty of exceptions to this rule—gentlewomen who for one reason or another did the household work—but the condition was admittedly exceptional and undesirable. Pedantically speaking, every woman who had and kept at least one servant was a kind of capitalist and aristocrat. As Bridget, Nora, Selma, and Rosika became first intermittent and then non-existent, the level of capitalism and aristocracy moved upwards, with all kinds of readjustments necessary in a class that wished to preserve its identity.

Cooked food is one of several social life-preservers necessary to be worn against an advancing tide of proletarianism. It marks the creation of a new class, which is too poor to keep servants and too proud or too wise to let its womenkind do the housework. But plainly the housewife who has surrendered the hope of keeping servants, and necessarily has assumed a considerable part of the housework, is living more like the laborer's wife than like the millionaire's. Her social orientation is reversed. Certainly the subscriber to cooked food, and if not he himself at least his children, will be more sharply conscious of the difference between his manner of life and that of his rich neighbor, while he may also realize a new solidarity with his humble neighbors. For the moment cooked food is the prop of the household—the gastronomic *via media* between the old style genteel home and some impending life in family barracks. After cooked food the deluge.

Such were the musings of one who was keeping up the struggle for an old-time home which should be aided but not maintained by the ministrations of the heliotrope van. Realizing the difficulty of the struggle, he envied the more stable estate of his neighbor whose *porte cochère* harbored the heliotrope van twice daily. Our neighbor was in the movement; where was he? At this point the Financial Expert appeared on his front lawn in a state of evident agitation. On questioning, he said that by way of dessert he had ordered *café parfait* for his immediate family, but had unhappily omitted to order one for the household assistant, who accordingly had given notice. Which goes to show that even cooked food will not work unless it is taken wholeheartedly and without mental reservations of any sort. In a prospect of cooked food the household assistant is out of the picture.

At this moment the Social Revolution again rattled round our corner and a neatly liveried black reclaimed the glittering can from which the Financial Expert's family had dined.

The Middle West and the Peace

THE Middle West has read the peace terms, as they have been cabled to us in an abstract, and has found them good. To be sure, there are individual differences of opinion. An old friend of mine who long has preached a gospel of sweetness and light took me aside the other day and in his uncertainty referred to the injunction to forgive our enemies even when they had multiplied their injuries unto seven times seven. But even he would not abate one jot the utter sinfulness of German bloodguilt. There are some differences of opinion, but these are inconsiderable and it may be said that with practical unanimity the portion of our country between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, where agriculture is the chief industry, where differences in race, creed, and wealth are by a perfectly rational process gradually being reduced to a minimum, welcomes the terms of peace as fixing a deserved penalty upon a member of international society that had placed its heel upon the law.

And this unanimity is what one would expect who has studied the Middle West. There is a curious pragmatic idealism here which is quite unknown in the industrial and more self-critical East and in the self-assured West. We went into the war on trust, for we then had not learned to look far beyond our own business and cornfields. We examined the cause for which we were fighting while we were exchanging our first blows with the enemy, and found that the cause was good. With quite unexpected unanimity we threw our whole souls into the conflict. The record of the spirit of the States between the Great Lakes and the Ohio, the Alleghanies and the Rockies, was not unlike that of the same region during the Civil War. The cheerful optimism with which they obeyed food injunctions, bought liberty bonds, fell in with the draft, was quite consistent with the spirit of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and even Iowa and Wisconsin in 1861.

The people of the Middle West were pragmatic idealists before the war. It was for this very reason that they were a little slow in seeing why they should enter upon a quarrel in which they had no obvious interest, especially after having been abundantly assured that war itself was the greatest of evils. They were pragmatic idealists during the war, for when convinced that their destiny was inseparably bound up in the issues of the war, and that the roots of the war lay in the old conflict against evil, they threw every ounce of their energy into the struggle. And they are now pragmatic idealists when the issues of the war have been finally decided, for they insist that the terms of peace shall be such that there may be permitted no shuffling, no ambiguity, no compromise with evil. The Middle West is not speculating on whether there shall be or there shall not be wars in the future, in the abstract. They have a measure of hope in the League of Nations, for their pragmatism tempers their idealism. But they will have no potential dangers from a Germany that has not shown signs of repentance—the names of those who are still in power have unpleasant connotations. If there is any complaint with the peace terms, so far as regards Germany, if there is any criticism, it is on the ground that they are not drastic enough.

The real sentiment of the Middle West is not to be found in megalopolitan centres like Chicago, St. Louis, or even Cincinnati. For in these large industrial centres, there lives a people scarcely different from the inhabitants of Manhattan or New London. To run true to type a Middle Westerner should live in Des Moines, Iowa, Lincoln, Nebraska, or any of a thousand small cities. And it is from the editorials of the journals which these towns read that one should form one's judgment of what the Middle West is thinking.

I select at random four. All of these papers before the war were classed as pacifistic, one was even blatant in its refusal to see any cause which could drag us into a European conflict. All at one time supported the McLemore Resolution. On domestic questions they differed, but on the question of war or peace, in January and February, 1917, they spoke for peace. By the end of June, 1917, they, like their communities, had had their eyes opened. What they are now thinking let these editorials indicate:

> This is no time to debate with Germany's representatives her responsibility for the war. The peace terms offered her fix the guilt so far as is necessary at this time. She was the chief offender in the distillation of the militarism and imperialism that poisoned the air of Europe for half a century, and now she must pay, pay. Her spokesmen seek to excuse her cruelty and vengefulness by saying that they were committed in the heat of struggle and defense of national existence, but people with consciences do not do that, as evidenced by the actions of our boys. The one task apparently necessary to-day is to make Germany impotent for future harm, as in that way lies the one present assurance of peace.

> An arrangement, doubtless containing many defects but remarkable for its general excellence, has been agreed to.
>
> All that remains is for the defeated nation to accept and the United States to ratify. Here it is decided whether the world war is to end in world order or in world chaos. It is hard to believe that any people or any politicians could be capable of dashing the world hope now so near to fulfillment. During the next thirty or sixty days this is finally to be determined. They are to be momentous days.

> The armistice was signed in November. That is just six months ago. The peace conference met in January. Its actual work covered but four months. In that period it has reshaped the politics of the world and wrought out a peace adjustment remarkable for its justice—stern justice but yet justice. No group of men in all history had faced so extensive a task. Yet the work is done in less time than it usually takes an American congress to enact a tariff law.
>
> There are people, some of them Americans, who know they could have settled the whole business by the day after Christmas. Maybe they could. Perhaps these same could have created the universe in one day instead of taking six, as the Creator is reputed to have done. Evidently, men of such miraculous powers have never had the luck to be on peace commissions. Much less do they seem to have had places on the peace commissions of the past than upon the peace commission of the present.

> The corruption of Nietzsche sown in Germany has been reaped in corruption . . . Nietzsche died in a madhouse. The country he corrupted is facing a similar fate.

It is the almost Biblical and prophetic strain of this last that gives a significant hint. There is a strange consanguinity between the average citizen of the Middle West and the Puritan of New England and the ancient Crusader. The uncompromising zest with which the good business man of Iowa or Kansas launches himself into some social or economic reform because he fancies that in his opponent he has discovered, not an economic problem, but a limb of Satan, is *mutatis mutandis* not unlike the spirit of the merchants of Marblehead who hanged the "pyrat" Quelch for the glory of God, while they quietly went about their dealings in the merchandise fetched home by others who were lucky enough to steer clear of the law; or of the Crusader who grimly battled on the plains of Ascalon to rescue the Holy Sepulchre, and brought home in sincere thrift the wealth of the Orient to deck his homes and churches.

There are idealists in the Middle West, like the old Puritans, like the ancient children of Israel, who smote Amalek and Agag because they worshipped strange gods. Their creed is usually simple—the line between good and evil is always rather sharply drawn. They live close to the times of the early pioneers when, in the simple problem for existence, things that were untoward, whether Indians or the processes of nature, must be faced with a simple resoluteness which never admitted any wavering or shuffling. Things were good or bad—the hazy line which to many people marks the deliminations of good and evil was to them unknown. And their

children have inherited this same simple statement, and this same simple solution, of the problem.

So they have attacked the problem of the saloon, by stating it in such simple and bold terms as admit of but one answer. The fact that many disagree with them weighs not a whit in their sense of responsibility to themselves and to the country at large. For in many of these matters their appeal is to the conscience, whether it agrees with their judgment or not. Matters are either morally right or morally wrong; and it is rather the civic conscience than the private conscience by which they judge. Curiously enough, the Middle West has gone a long way in the matter of standardizing conscience. Perhaps that phrase, as much as any other, will describe the great Middle West. It has a fairly well standardized conscience; and according to its dictates, it idealizes and condemns. It dislikes eccentricity of any kind, for any departure from the normal may involve moral turpitude; it abhors vagaries which sin on the side of excess, because these as certainly display a potential laxity of moral standards.

Hence, the Middle West is no friend to compromise when a principle seems at stake. In so purely an economic matter as that of moving a State capitol or county courthouse from one town to another, the moral question was raised—the legislators or county officials in the one place would be under more moral influences than at the other. There can be no compromise with Sunday amusements, with prohibition. It is a question of right or wrong. There can be no middle ground.

But the Middle West is pragmatic as well in its philosophy. The eternal conflict of right and wrong does not keep it from seeing clearly its own interests, and it will contrive that the right which has been chosen shall justify itself by its fruits. The Middle West is rich, exceedingly rich; once it was so poor that people even doubted if it could ever be self-sustaining; and it has determined that it shall never see again the lean years when in a last hope it set up an idol of Silver and offered the incense of Populism. Now it has seen that it can feed a world and profit exceedingly in the undertaking. It is and has been generous, it has cast its bread upon the waters, even where submarines abounded; and it has seen to it that the venture should be returned and immediately, bearing much interest.

The same generous but canny philanthropism is seen in the way the Middle West has taken to prohibition. It rescues from the drunkard's grave, and it counts the dollars the community gains by barter in articles that make for decency; so much beer and whiskey diverted and metamorphosed into shoes, stockings, and respectable dresses instead of ginghams; and so many more hours and so many more persons saved for lucrative labor.

So, now that the peace terms to Germany have been finally dictated, to be accepted or rejected, the Middle West as a whole approves. It had come, slowly to be sure, to recognize Germany to be the common enemy of mankind. It had learned to speak respectfully, almost religiously, of our ideal of democracy—a thing which before had been taken for granted. Though we recognized the worth of our allies and displayed on every possible occasion their flags, there was no peculiar warmth of sentiment for the personal wrongs of France or Great Britain or Italy. These nations were too distant to be raised far above the level of the abstract. We ourselves had suffered too little to have the war brought home to our own firesides; and our sons and brothers who went forth, went forth, it seemed, on an adventure to whose deadly nature we had closed our eyes. It might almost seem as though we of these Middle States could have had no great interests in the Peace Conference, or in the measure of the punishment to be meted out to the offender. Some even prophesied that in our sentimental natures we might have large room for forgiveness for a defeated and reorganized and partly democratic enemy.

Had the people of these States of the Mississippi Valley been wholly idealists, they might have been tricked by the German revolution to wish the new Government easier terms. There are some softer natures who see monstrous wrongs bound up in any possible punishment, and who can not reconcile the spirit that could curse the false leaders of Jerusalem with the spirit that said to the repentant sinner, "Go in peace and sin no more." But these people of the prairies detect a difference between the sinner who has harmed only herself and the one who made Israel to sin. They see through the mask of the revolution and catch the lineaments of the chief offender. They have not seen the spirit that would bring forth fruits meet for repentance. And hence they will exact such punishment as will make a repetition of the crime impossible. It is the same people speaking now that applauded the act of justice in the matter of Panama Canal tolls and the remission of the Boxer indemnity.

In the same way, they are ready to support the League of Nations, or any alliance with good Powers against the potentially evil. They are not oversanguine, for they realize, what they did not realize a trifle over two years ago, the essential instability of all institutions; but they will welcome any act that tends to some order in a world which so recently was reeling over chaos. It will go hard with any Middle Western Senator or Representative who deliberately attempts to make the way hard for the Treaty by spurning at the League.

They have certain reservations. Perhaps it is because the whole matter is not yet presented. They have a real fear that somehow, somewhere, there has been juggling in the matter of Japan. The moral justice which was urged so inflexibly upon Italy had an orthodox ring, though the point in dispute might be obscure; but why, to another question which appeared to have so many points in common, should the answer be so palpably according to another formula? This difficulty, which may turn out to be not so slight after all, has troubled the Middle West, as doubtless it has the whole country.

Finally, there is approval of the terms because there appears in them the promise of a continuation, on an ever larger scale, of good business. The chief business of peace, they argue, is prosperity, and in the reconstruction that is to follow upon the signing of the terms they see a still greater development of this country's resources. They will feed Germany with wheat at two-fifty a bushel while Germany regains her feet and repairs the ravages in Belgium and France.

PHILO M. BUCK, JR.

Dance of Death

For though my ryme be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Rudely rayne-beaten,
Rusty and moth-eaten,
If ye take well therwith,
It hath in it some pith.
Quod Skelton Laureatus.

Proheme

Wherein is set forth the nature and purpose of the poem called the Dance of Death.

This book oweth its form to a desire to set the things of to-day at a remove and view them, as it were, in a perspective, to which end they have been transported and set down in the afar-off time of the early sixteenth century, that we may see them the more plainly by reason of the distance. To help in this the author has employed some of the old words, though not many, that were in use in the days of the laureate Skelton and the Morality plays. The meter, too, may appear harsh and unpleasing to some by reason of its irregularity, but so it was used in those days and may not inappropriately be used in these for the mocking or satyric sort of poetry that is here attempted; which if the reader will declaim it aloud and rapidly he shall not miss the effect intended, which is of a torrent now fretted and hindered by the rocks, now tumbling headlong, but always going forward with a kind of resistless and exultant energy.

The Dance of Death is pictured on the walls of many churchly buildings in France and England, Germany and Switzerland,

with verses beneath setting forth how Death summons in turn each and every sort of man, much as is described in Death's second speech in this poem. Such verses were written in English by Dan John Lydgate, monk of Bury, for the pictures in old St. Paul's of London. But the best pictures were made by Johannes Holbein and may be seen in many books to-day.

Mors

Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
I am Death!
I dance and all follow,
All come at my hollo.
My mary-bones clank,
My chaps they are lank,
And my eye-sockets hollow.
Oh, ho! O, ho!
Musty, rusty, fusty, dusty,
Charnal, gibbet, and chains!
Oh, ho!
Come, dance! come!
To the dub-a-dub-dub of my maniac drum!
Mors imperat regibus
Maximis
Minimis
Denique omnibus.
So, stands it thus?
In this field full of folk
Doth none fear my stroke
And tremble at my decree?
Will no one cry out,
Not one of this rout,
"Timor mortis conturbat me?"
Is the world grown so bold
As to flout me? Behold,
I will make ye to shudder at me as of old!
We shall see!
Quod Death.

Pope and kayser I wont to call,
King eke and cardinal.
My lord the abbot,
The monk in his habit,
The bride at the altar,
The thief in his halter,
The fool and the wise,
The beggar sans eyes,
The rich from his lands
And the child in his hands.
With my glass I pass,
With my drum I come.
With harp and pipe and symphonie
I make my merry minstrelsie.
But the world goes astray;
It is not ordered after the old way.
'Tis true, I am fed:
Man lies him down in his bed,
And lo, daily I am full.
But his thought of me is dull;
He does not gibber and squeak,
And always of Death speak.
He goes about his affairs
And little for Death cares.
He is fat and at ease
And hath learned himself to please.
I, who was once king,
Am now but a sorry thing.
Lo, I will rouse me,
I will carouse me
In a mighty slaughter.
I will wade in blood like water,
Till I am feared once more
And honored as in days of yore.
I will gain awe-strucken praise
As in former days.
I will find a way.
Quod Death.

Mors et Imperator

Death: Wilhelm!
Wilhelm: *Wer bist du?*
Death: *Todt!*
Wilhelm: *Es helfe mir Gott in meiner Noth!*
Für mich?
Death: *Nein, Wilhelm, noch nicht.*
Wilhelm: *Was willst du? Der Todt deutsch spricht!*
Death: *Ja, natürlich!* Thou knowest, if thou art wise,
That High Deutsch was the speech of Paradise.*
Lucifer, my good friend,
With it did gain his end
When he tempted thy mother Eve.
He always speaks it, and by your leave,
Merely out of whim,
I learned it of him.
Wilhelm: Ja, kultur is full old.
And if Nimrod had not been bold
To build Babel Tower,
Would not at this hour
Deutsch be the speech
Of all and each
In the wide world?
Death: Thou hast right.
But his tower was down hurl'd.
Wilhelm: Then that work of Nimrod I rue.
Death: He hath left something for thee to do.
Wilhelm: So?
Death: Rome, Wilhelm, was a tall town;
A kayser wore its crown,
(Cæsar and kayser in Latin be all one)
And he had a full fair place in the sun.
(Here are some few matters omitted for this present.)
Wilhelm: Nothing I suggest.
Others shall force me, that were best.
Unwillingly I shall be led,
Reluctant the path I shall tread.
I shall weep when I behold
The slaughter of young and of old.
I shall have pity on the ruined town;
Myself in tears shall I drown.
For women raped I shall not sleep.
Death: Ay, marry, I shall not weep.
Quod Death.
Wilhelm: Nor I, long. Short and sharp
That is the tune I harp.
Fear carries the day
In the good German way.
Of the good German sword they shall have a taste
And the world will be all German or all waste.
Death: Will your Germans go through to the end, I wonder?
Wilhelm: What German would not face even thee for plunder?
Death: What else?
Wilhelm: I will hold a draught of salt water to the world's lips;
I will sink some of their tall ships.
Death: Good, I will sell the tickets myself!
Quod Death.
Wilhelm: Here for us both is honor and pelf.
Strike hands, bony claw and mailed fist!
So, Death and Might have kissed.
If we fail——
Death: I fail not;
Nor thou if thou quail not.
But if she prove too strong——
Wilhelm: Who?
Death: Fortune, who hurls kings headlong.
If, I say, she prove our match,
I have a trick, Wilhelm, will snatch
Victory from defeat.
Go we now, I and thou, and drink deep and full eat.
Quod Death.

Explicit pars prima
Incipit pars secunda

*Seriously contended by a German professor of former days.

Fortuna

Fortune men me call.
I turn on my ball,
I am never still,
Doing God's will.
I am ever fair;
But let those aloft beware;
For when they are grown too great,
And like a god in their state,
Then I turn my wheel
And my might they feel.
The golden crown
Comes tumbling down;
Low in the dust
It beggeth a crust.
Lucifer I hurled from the skies
And Adam from Paradise.
Nimrod that built so high,
Not a stone on its fellow doth lie.
Samson and Hercules so strong
Withsaid not my power long.
Alexander the Great hath got
But six feet of earth to his lot.
Julius Cæsar the emperor
How hath he less or more?
I let them strut their brave hour,
Then is their sweet turned to sour.
Trust me a moment and I turn
Laughing my blind wooers to scorn.
The wretched, too, I will lift up
And fill the measure of their cup.
Let them once taste the pride of rule,
And I will make them eke my fool.
I make a king of the clown
And then as blithely hurl him down.

At tyrants aim I, all and any,
Have they one head, have they many.

Cantus Fortunæ

Turning, turning, ever turning,
Turning, turning, late or soon;
I'll not stay for all thy yearning,
I'll not go for all thy spurning,
Nothing stable here discerning,
  Here beneath the journeying moon.
Take thy hour, 'tis all I offer;
Do not hoard my gold in coffer;
Wait not for a fairer proffer.
Once I go there's no returning,
Once I come there's no sojourning;
  At my will I grant my boon.
Whither go I? That I know not.
Comes the time when that I go not?
  Read my riddle if thou can!
Get thee wisdom, get thee learning,
Get thee beauty of thine earning,
Only thus, ere his inurning,
  Comes the answer unto man.

Mors et Imperator

Death: Wilhelm!
Wilhelm: Art thou at last come again?
  To see thee I am full fain.
  This same Fortune is a jade;
  I had my hand laid
  On her garment's hem, but she escape made
  Quite out of my reach,
  And, "Lo, this will thee teach!"
  She gave me a shrewd box on the ear.
  Behold, I am here!
  We have failed. In vain on thee did I cry.
Death: Thou hast failed, not I.
  I have supped full. Much thanks.
Wilhelm: I would none of thy pranks.
  Thou hast a promise made
  At the last to give me aid.
Death: Ay, once more I will thee befriend
  Now at the end.
  Thou shalt not die in thy bed
  But at thine army's head.
  That, Wilhelm, were fine
  And worthy of thy noble line.
  There together we shall make play
  Will be remembered many a day.
Wilhelm: Nein, nein, nein, nein! not yet!
  Like a pig for dread I sweat.
  Something we may yet save;
  Death, thy help I crave.
  My counsellors were fools everyone,
  My generals have wofully misdone.
  But for nothing I greatly care,
  So, Death, thou wilt me spare.
Death: Well, Wilhelm, I will not take thee yet;
  From thee little credit could I get.
  Thou would'st make both of us,
  No doubt, at the last ridiculous.
  I will swallow thee when
  Thy turn comes amid the common ruck of men.
  I will swallow thee, sword and sheath;
  A bit of grit between my teeth,
  (Mayhap the spike of thy helm)
  Faugh, that was Wilhelm!
Wilhelm: But, Death, thou hadst yet another device.
  Thou couldst change all in a trice.
  Destroy me my foes
  Who against me rose,
  Who sought to overwhelm
  My peace-loving realm.
Death: Ay, it had clean gone from my head.
  I am well nigh surfeited.
  Still, I will put it in proof,
  But it shall not be for thy behoof.
  I shall have no need of thee.
Wilhelm: Not me? Then whither shall I flee?
Death: Whither thee likes thou mayst depart.
  Thou hast worthily done thy part.
  Get thee to Holland, Hell, or Spain,
  What matters it? *Auf wiedersehen!*
  Booh!
  Who-o-o-oh!
  Harrú!
  Be off, ere my dart I cast.
  Whither so fast?
Wilhelm: Anywhere! Holland! Safety! I ask not much!
Death: Wilt learn, Wilhelm, to sing in Low Dutch?
  High, low,
  Wilhelm must go,
  And nobody cares if he never comes back!
  O, ho, ho, ho, ho!
  Explicit pars secunda.
  Incipit pars tertia.

Mors et Fortuna

Fortune: A, ha, ha, ha, ha!
  I have seen them all.
  But this was the sorriest fall
  That ever a prince made.
  I grow weary of my trade.
  Death, what of thy new plan?
Death: I will speak with yon laboring man.
  Come, form all in a row,
  And merrily on we shall go.
  Heartily take breath
  For the new Dance of Death
  O, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
  Yoick, hallaloo!
  Who'll begin it? Who?
  Here, fellow, wouldst be king?
Quod Death.

Mors et Operarius

Laborer: What have I to do with such a thing?
  I work at my trade,
  And for that I am well paid.
  House and land I own;
  My half-acre is ploughed and sown.
  I have books to read
  Or a show to see instead.
  I have wine and beer
  To make me cheer.
  My children are in school.
  I were worse than a fool
  To wish to be king.
Death: Here's one skills not in our reckoning.
  Here, thou other fellow, wouldst be king?
Quod Death.

Secundus Operarius

Second Laborer: Ay, that were a fine thing.
  Now it is ill-done:
  The knaves have the money, good fellows none.
  I shall have all the pretty wenches;
  We shall not sit on benches,
  But lie soft in a fine house
  And there carouse.
  Seven loaves will I sell for a penny
  And the rich shall not have any.
  I will dethrone this old god Mammon;
  Everything shall be in common,
  Save what I reserve for myself.
  He who hath aught on the shelf
  Is rich;
  He may lie in a ditch.
  And he who can write his name
  May do the same.
  When I am king the world will be well bestead.
  But first there is a deal of blood to be shed
  And a long account to settle.
Death: This fellow hath some mettle.
  Without reason he can rime,
  Though it were mouldy in Jack Cade's time.
  But he is too rude,
  His thought is crude.
  Who'll begin the new Dance of Death?
  Hearken to what this peasant saith.
Quod Death.

Rusticus

Peasant: Give me land, give me food!
  More it is not good.
  The strong rob me of all I get;
  Too long a slave have I sweat.
  I will do what I can:
  I would no longer be a beast but a man.
  Would any show me the way
  I might win to a better day;
  Else I would it were all at end.
Death: Meseems he alone of all would welcome me as a friend.
  Yet is he most apt
  If it so happed
  That he were cunningly led.
Quod Death.

Bolchevicus

Bolshevik: I am a Red.
  With consuming love of mankind I burn;
  For universal brotherhood I yearn

I would destroy the old earth
That a better may have birth,
Without nation, army, or fleet,
And all shall be fair and sweet.
Neither rich nor any poor,
Nor shall a man bar his door.
But those who withstand me I destroy.
Come, moujik, my bully boy,
Burn and spill
To your heart's fill;
Plunder and kill
As ye will.
'Tis a bitter pill
To purge the world of its old ill.
When these throes are o'erpast
There shall be born at last
A world of peace that knows not the sword,
And I, even I, shall be its lord!
Death: Yoick! this grows to it.
Mark how he goes to it!
I have not been thus entertained
Since my friend Terror reigned
In the days of that dainty queen
My lady Guillotine.
But these things they manage even better than France.
Gup, rogues, who's next in the Dance?
Quod Death.

Germanus

German: Here is my best chance.
They have broken my lance,
And I have forgiven them all;
A Democrat I myself call.
But if me they mock
And too hard they knock,
If my escape they block,
I will give them a shock
I will threaten to run amok.
I will pull down England and France
And the rest. I say, on with this Dance!
Death: O ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! I laugh!
Old Wilhelm gave me half,
But this is the best,
His dear people will give me the rest!
Come, who'll help?
Yelp, ye dogs, yelp!
Quod Death.

Internationalist*

Internationalist: I am Internationalist known;
I love all lands but my own.
My country is always wrong,
That is the burden of my song.
Ill said of others I hold to be lies.
I will not believe what is before my eyes,
I will believe only what is in my heart.
Death: Here's one hath with me lot and part.
Neither do I know
High nor low,
Nation nor creed,
All will not surfeit my greed
For Adam's seed.
Welcome, right welcome to the Dance;
Thou wilt it much advance.
Quod Death.

*Here faileth the author's slender store of Latin. The Roman tongue liketh not vague and indefinite terms.

Humanitarian

Humanitarian: I am thrilled to my heart's core!
What could one wish more?
A world remade!
I am blissfully almost afraid!
What matters a little damage by the way
So the underdog have his day?
Whither we go none may say,
But our joyous feet are set in the way.
Grant man's noble instinct free play
And the world will keep high holiday.
Death: Here's one needs no spur.
In me he beholds the great Leveller.
My way is plain and flat;
Death is the world's first Democrat.
Welcome, right welcome to the Dance;
Thou wilt it much advance.
Quod Death.

Puella

Thoughtful Damsel: I am a gentle maid;
I will lend my aid.
I will scratch and I will bite
And always for the vote fight.
Kindly and much will I speak
Of the gentle Bolshevik.
Of my wealth will I give
That these beautiful thoughts may thrive.
Death: Here's one will us grace.
Welcome to a high place.
Since Eve's days
I have admired many of thy pretty ways.
Welcome, right welcome to the Dance;
Thou wilt it much advance.
Quod Death.

Corrector Morum

Reformer: Loudly did they bewail
When I said there should be no more cakes and ale.
Having set our hand to the plough
Who would turn back now?
One demon we have scotched;
To stop now were to leave the business botched.
Many dragons are there left to fight
For the white-plumed knight.
The world is not worth an old shoe
Till it doth do all as I do.
Death: Here's one will help at a witch's brew.
Not I alone take my pleasures oddly;
Small choice 'twixt me and some of the godly.
Welcome, right welcome to the Dance;
Thou wilt it much advance.
Quod Death.

Magister

Professor: Youth by me is led.
I stand all things on their head.
We laugh together at them
And I say, Ahem! ahem!
And the facts blink,
With a sly wink,
Till my pupils are quite sure they think,
And learn to despise
Whom the world thought wise
And hold as naught
What the world thought.
Come, my children, all in a row,
Hippety skippety, over we go!
Death: Here's one comes not alone.
Much fruit from the seed he hath sown.
Welcome, right welcome to the Dance;
Thou wilt it much advance.
Quod Death.

Actorum Editor

Journalist: What I write to-day the world thinks the next.
I have a care to keep it sadly perplexed.
I say that it not knows
Who are its real foes.
I say that we do worse
Than they whom we curse.
I say that it should hear all sides
Or ere it decides
And that the other side
Is not as black as it's cried.
Or else my venom I spew
And make a great to-do
'Gainst all who think not as I do.
I know not what I desire,
But I set the pot on the fire
And keep all in a stir
And a whir
And a blur,
With a "To the Editor: Sir,"
In hope that something may come of it
That will be good—some of it.
Death: Here's one we'd do ill without.
Loud and well shall he tout
For this my folly rout,
For the Dance, ho! of Death
Well shall he spend his breath.
Welcome, right welcome to the Dance;
Thou wilt it much advance.
Quod Death.

Dives

Profiteer: Well, why not join in?
Heads or tails, lose or win!
A short life and a merry,
One bite of the cherry.
Make hay with the sun,
Harvest's soon done.
Skim the cream as it rises,
Life's full of surprises.
Take the profits in cash,
Soon comes the crash,
And the profits are—well—huge;
After me come the deluge!
Death: Here's one of the best!

He dances with zest
And whips on the rest.
Welcome, right welcome to the Dance;
Thou wilt it much advance.
Quod Death.

Civis

Plain citizen: I know not why I am here;
To me all is not clear.
Mayhap had I taken thought
I would not thus be caught.
But "Had-I-wist" is a poor phrase;
Best dance in these piping days.
It is noyous to think it out.
I will join the rout.

Mors

Death: That fills out the line.
Now are they all mine.
Come, louder music and more!
Is not this a merry dancing-floor?
With good intentions 'tis paved o'er.
Round about,
In and out,
Weave the measure, raise the shout;
Dance we now a merry bout.
Quod Death.

Goes it not well,
Sooth to tell?
Here are brave playfellows for you, I vow!
Who art thou?
HATE!
Thou comest not late!
And thou?
GREED!
Good speed, good speed!
Thou?
ENVY!
Hie thee, hie!
Thou?
WRATH!
Work here thy scath!
Thou?
LUST!
Thou comest just!
Thou?
HUNGER!
Wax stronger!
Thou?
WAR!
More and more!
Thou?
IGNORANCE!
Dance! dance!
And I?
DEATH!
Quod Death.

Mors et Fortuna

Fortune: This is as merry a crew
Of Fools as ever I knew.
The Land of Cockayne they think to have found,
But it is to Narragonia they are bound.
However they speed
They must reckon with me at need.
'Twill be a merry fall
When down comes all.
Death: Gup, jades, dance,
Merrily prance
With a gay countenance
After thy master Death.
And hearken to what he saith:
"When finished is this work
I am both sexton and clerk;
Good women all and men,
In manus meas, et caetera. Amen!"
Quod Death.
Explicit chorea machabaeorum.
Cy finist la danse macabre.
Here hath ending the dance of death.
Sed nondum erit finis.
Numerus stultorum est infinitus.
By St. Mary Gypsey,
Quod scripsi, scripsi.
Quod Skelton laureatus.

HARRY AYRES

Correspondence

Progress Based Upon Reason

To the EDITORS OF THE REVIEW:

Ever since seeing, some weeks ago, the preliminary notice of your proposed publication, I have been looking forward with impatience to its appearance. There never was so great a need for the kind of thing THE REVIEW proposes to undertake as now, for, with our whole social and economic order shaken to its very foundations, there has never been so broad and so fertile a field for the demagogue and the hawker of poisonous political nostrums.

One clear ringing voice urging progress based upon reason and the lessons of experience among the maunderings and shriekings of sentimental or venomous radicalism may reach many who otherwise might be caught up and carried along in the current of destruction. Your statement of purposes, together with the names of those chosen to carry them out, gives every promise that the shallow and specious reasonings of visionaries are to be met with the deep and sound teachings of men of vision.

WILLIAM HOWARD DOUGHTY, JR.,
Professor in Government,
Williams College.

Williamstown, Mass., May 10

The Opportunity for Sane Journalism

To the EDITORS OF THE REVIEW:

My occupation is that of a stenographer, and most of my associates are working women, ranging in occupations from chambermaids to bookkeepers. I have a good opportunity to know what they think by what they say. This is the class of people that is most in need of wholesome, nourishing, and sustaining mental food.

For some years I have tried to impress upon public-spirited men and women of my acquaintance the great need of wholesome journalism; but the answer to my argument has usually been that people are given what they want. Even if that is true, which I doubt, it is just like saying that a large family of children should be continuously and everlastingly fed on pickles and candy, simply because that is what they want.

When people are fed—daily, weekly, and monthly—on a highly seasoned, adulterated mental diet, their minds become poisoned and the effect is serious indeed.

I am watching and waiting for the fulfillment of my long-cherished hope, namely, a sane, just, and logical journalism. The work of the Rockefeller medical research institution pales into almost insignificance when compared with the great good that could be accomplished by the wholesome nourishment of the mind. So much impressed am I by this fact that gladly would I give a tenth of my income the rest of my life to be applied toward the establishment of such a type of journalism, conducted upon just as sincere and energetic lines as those upon which our vast medical research institutions are conducted.

FRANCES COOK

Los Angeles, Cal., May 9

Universal Brotherhood

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I am sending you my subscription to THE REVIEW as a patriotic duty on this anniversary of Patriots' Day. With it go my devout wishes for success in a loyal service to our country.

Your reference to the universal brotherhood that will "somehow emerge" leads me to hope that you will sometime set forth the forgotten fact that Christianity in its representative churches has never taught universal brotherhood. It has taught the exact contrary—the brotherhood of the faithful who have renounced the ways of the sinful and devoted themselves to a better life. Its principle is aristocratic in that sense, and it will not do to saddle on Christianity the sickly conception of indiscriminate love for criminals, brutes of vicious instincts, and all the pathological crew of degenerates. Admission to citizenship, civil or religious, must be earned, and must be maintained by discipline, obedience to law, loyalty to the point of self-sacrifice. Democratic in that its appeal is to all, it must be aristocratic in its selection—its rule the rule of the best. At least that is the ideal, for it has an ideal.

A. H. MORTON

Williamstown, Mass., April 19

Book Reviews

Germany's Former Ascendency

BISMARCK. By C. Grant Robertson, M.A., C.V.O. (Makers of the Nineteenth Century, edited by Basil Williams.) New York: Henry Holt and Company.

BEFORE the war English and American writers never thoroughly understood Bismarck. They never grasped the full significance of the forces at work in his creation of an empire. Even after 1864 and 1866 they remained blind to his extraordinary achievements in that decade—the patient manipulation of the new Bundesrat, the remorseless assimilation of the annexed provinces by the Prussian civil service, the solid concrete of science, research, and political thought laid by the intellectuals of National Liberalism and by the flower of the professoriate. The apostle of sweetness and light, Matthew Arnold, though praising Germany, because like the Italian Renaissance it strove to combine the humanities with science, believed the French army in 1870 would smash the Prussian. Carlyle's "Frederick," which appeared between 1858 and 1865, was a noble and brilliant contribution to historical literature, but the connection between the Frederick portrayed by Carlyle and the Prussia of the Age of Bismarck was not grasped by the generation that read Carlyle. Aside from the brief volumes by Headlam and Munroe Smith, all the biographies of Bismarck in English are essentially mediocre and entirely negligible; and Headlam wrote too soon after 1890 to appreciate Bismarck's later influence, which indeed he treats but scantly; while Munroe Smith was content merely to sketch in the outline without painting in the background and color.

So there was a fair field of opportunity open to Mr. Grant Robertson. Brilliantly has he embraced it. To be sure, he takes it for granted that his reader knows something of German history. He accordingly allows himself, in interpreting Bismarck, a wealth of stimulating allusions, brilliant metaphors, and sudden jumps in chronology. For this reason it was with some misgivings that the reviewer assigned the early chapters to a class of khaki-clad college boys just returned from France. A few days later one of them stopped after the lecture to exclaim with genuine and unusual enthusiasm: "Robertson doesn't just hand out the old stuff about Metternich and the Carlsbad Decrees. He makes Bismarck a live wire and makes me realize the problems he had to face as a young man." That apparently was the verdict of the whole class from the sophomores, who were shaken out of indifference, to the graduate students, who quarreled for possession of a single copy.

Bismarck surely played as big a part in nineteenth century politics as did Gladstone or Disraeli. Mr. Robertson might have felt justified in filling three volumes, as did M. Paul Matter in his admirable "Bismarck et son Temps." We are glad he refrained, for fewer people would have read such an opus. Yet that there is less thought or less research in his single volume than in the tomes of Morley or Monypenny we greatly doubt. For part of the solid value of Mr. Robertson's book lies in the very sane and acute, but condensed, conclusions and judgments with which it bristles and to which he has given years of study and thought. It was virtually completed before 1914, and is, therefore, free from the warping effects of the war. His general attitude is well expressed in his comment at the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War: "We may both detest and admire the achievement of Germany, but it is only ignorance that fails to recognize the solidity of the work on which German ascendency was based, and the futility of impeaching it except by a superiority in toil, in concentrated purpose, and sacrifice" (p. 302).

Only in one matter of importance does the author need correction. He gropes somewhat uncertainly in regard to Bismarck's Eastern policy in the '80s, and is unaware of the very secret "reinsurance treaty" of 1881, the triple alliance against radicalism and democracy represented by the autocrats of the German, Russian, and Austrian Empires. Bismarck himself in the spitefulness of retirement at Friedrichsruhe hinted in 1896 at a reinsurance treaty of 1884. But the original treaty of 1881 remained entirely unsuspected until the publication of extracts from Sabourov's papers in the *Nineteenth Century* (Dec., 1917) and until the Bolshevik revelations from the Russian archives made possible Goriainov's able article "The End of the Alliance of the Emperors" in the *American Historical Review* (Jan., 1918). He shows in detail how the treaty of 1881 originated and how the headstrong young Kaiser failed to renew it when dropping the pilot in 1890. William II thus removed the corner stone on which Bismarck's system rested; he caused the thing which Bismarck had always sought to prevent: an alliance between Russia and France.

Mr. Robertson rightly regards Bismarck's own statements in the Reichstag and especially in his later "Gedanken und Erinnerungen" with the greatest caution. He doubts, for instance, the veracity of the Chancellor's assertion that the Prussian militarists alone were responsible for the retention of Metz after 1870—that he himself would have been content with Alsace and a strip of "German" Lorraine. "The contemporary evidence points to a wholly different conclusion. Bismarck was just as remorseless as the most truculent militarist at Headquarters" (p. 188). Neither will Mr. Robertson accept Bismarck's later disclaimers of responsibility for the cruel and unwise legislation in the *Kulturkampf:* "A scapegoat had to be found, and Falk, the hero of the National Liberals and the Radicals, served the convenient purpose of exculpating the Chancellor and affronting the parties with which Bismarck broke between 1878 and 1879. . . . As for the May Laws and Falk, as Bismarck said to Augustenburg in 1864, 'We can always wring the necks of the chickens we have ourselves hatched'" (pp. 329, 336). Of his dominating personality in general he writes: "In 1871 men felt what Goethe said of Napoleon I, 'You cannot beat him, the man is too strong for you.' Personal intercourse with the man heightened the hypnotism that Bismarck exercised. His personal diplomacy was a marvellous mixture of brutality, arrogance, and geniality, of patrician grandeur aided by the tricks of the card-sharper. A stab in the back came as easily from his vindictive rancour, as the great stroke that achieved a long-matured ideal" (p. 342).

The Mad English

EMINENT VICTORIANS. By Lytton Strachey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE true principles of portrait painting were laid down by Cromwell in his cautions to Lely; and these Mr. Strachey has adopted in his pen portraits of four Victorian celebrities, Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, Arnold of Rugby, and Chinese Gordon. Some may think that he has exaggerated the warts and wrinkles until the true likeness is lost, and that the result is sheer caricature. Others will welcome them with Teufelsdroeckh's *cri de coeur,* "Truth! though the Heavens crush me for following her: no Falsehood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of apostasy." Four complex, rich, but vaguely-known personalties are here dissected with the careful skill of a demonstrator in spiritual anatomy, with the astounding result that these three men and one woman seem not dead but alive, even undying, and incapable of death.

Beyond the writer's own interest in them, no reason can be assigned for grouping together such a diversity of creatures as a soldier, a head master, a woman reformer, and a Roman cardinal. Yet they have a common term. According to their light, they took Christianity literally and applied its principles to

their lives. All have a singular intensity of character, the driving power of great convictions. "Allah created the English mad." The madness of these English was essentially religious, working itself out in various ways. Gordon is, of course, the most striking example; the others differed in degree, not in kind.

Unrelieved brilliancy is the note of the method and the style. The authorities in each case have been thoroughly assimilated. The completed study existed, one would say, in the author's brain, before his pen had written a word. It is all of one piece, poured at one casting into the predestined mould. Great pains must have been spent in burnishing, but the labor of the file is nowhere evident. The writing is distinctly "of the centre," polished, witty, ironic, luminous. With faith in any shape the author can have little sympathy; the inexhaustible material of Christianity gives him also scope for the solemn or covert sneer. His attitude towards his subjects is scientifically aloof. He is blind to none of their failings; he will gloss over none of their weaknesses; he will see them steadily and see them whole. It is the attitude of a modern Puck cynically concerned with the various folly of mortal men.

Failings they had in plenty. Manning was ambitious and intriguing, with an eye always to the main chance. Florence Nightingale had a vixenish temper. Gordon was insubordinate and half mad; in the solitudes of the tropics he consoled himself with brandy, as well as with the Bible. Arnold was a snobbish, limited thinker. There are warts and wrinkles in every face Mr. Strachey draws, but the artist well knew that these give the likeness of life. The smooth, retouched, conventional pictures of the impeccable prelate, the saintly Lady with the Lamp, the inspiring preacher of righteousness, the Christian hero dead in the far Soudan give place to Rembrandt-like portraits of recognizable, faulty, remarkable human beings.

Sentimental, one imagines, is Mr. Strachey's extreme of condemnation; enthusiasm of any sort his pet aversion. Yet in each of his characters there is something that compels his reluctant admiration. Before the stage of their achievements he sits an interested spectator, once or twice betrayed into moderate kid-gloved applause. Manning in his last days, swaying the dock laborers as the wind sways the weeds, Florence Nightingale bringing some human order out of the unspeakable horrors of Scutari, Arnold in Rugby Chapel, Gordon dying like so many of his clan, sword in hand in the city he could not save stir the reader's pulses even if they left the author cold.

Much more than the lives of these four comes into the saga. There are admirable thumbnail sketches of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Sir Evelyn Baring, John Henry Newman, Hurrell Froude, Wilfrid Ward, Sidney Herbert, Arthur Clough, Lord Panmure. Greater matters are exposed with perfect clearness—the political aspect of the Catholic university for Ireland, the general course of the Oxford Movement, the conflicting currents in the Government which first sent Gordon to Khartoum, decided to let him stay there or escape as best he could, and then determined, too late, to rescue him. No people are more unsparing critics of themselves than the English. It is another manifestation of the national "madness," as it appears to foreigners. When Mr. Strachey quotes Arthur Rimbaud to the effect that the British policy in the Soudan wrought worse ruin than the Egyptians or the Turks, that Gordon was an idiot, and Wolseley an ass, he nowhere suggests disagreement with the verdict. But calm acceptance of such criticism suggests infinite reserves of national strength. It is not a sign of national weakness.

Guidance, light, truth is what the world needs. All readers of this fascinating book will hope that Mr. Strachey will continue his work, and furnish forth a whole gallery of such historical portraits.

The Bull-Fight

BLOOD AND SAND. (*Sangre y Arena.*) By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. Translated from the Spanish by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie, with an Introduction by Isaac Goldberg. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

OLÉ los mozos valientes! Viva España!

At last the American reading public has a translation—and a very excellent one it is—of "Sangre y Arena." Published just ten years ago, its almost reckless courage in striking openly at the sacrosanct traditions of tauromachy in its native land at once commanded general attention at home and abroad, in almost every civilized country, indeed, save ours. Here it required the stimulus of actuality in the great war novel, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," to attract our attention to the extensive production of one who, a full decade ago, was classed with the best of that Spanish school of novelists who were doing for their country in letters what Sorolla and Zuloaga were doing on canvas. To be made free of the company of Galdós, Clarín, Pio Baroja, Padre Coloma, Valdés, Pardo-Bazán—not to recall Pereda and Valera who had died only shortly before—is a certificate of high merit. How high, it is regrettable that there has been so little opportunity for American readers to know. When the study of Spanish with a view to selling adding-machines and cod liver oil in South America shall have thoroughly permeated our High School systems there may be a greater number of us who will want to turn not only to Cervantes but also to the group of which Blasco Ibañez is one.

"Blood and Sand" is a study in the psychology of the bull-fighter or, more exactly, of the bull-fight itself. True, we have considerable minute information in regard to the *corridas* from classic sources. In George Ticknor's "Life and Journal" may be found a very complete account, sent in 1818 to his parents in Boston, which was afterwards expanded into an article for the *North American Review* of July, 1825. Théophile Gautier in his "Voyage en Espagne," 1840, familiar through repeated translations, has given a characteristically vivid account of the national sport; who could forget the epic figure of *El picador Sevilla*—and of the dying horse! The realist Prosper Mérimée in his turn left a detailed recital as clear and cold as any of his tales, while more recently the late John Hay, in that delightful book, "Castilian Days," has given us a chapter which well deserves another reading. On the psychology of the bull-fight one may consult with satisfaction the fine essays of Georges Lecompte in his volume "Espagne" (Paris, 1896). And they are not all. But all these accounts give the view from without. And however much one's reason, ethics, and education may protest, one is nevertheless under the spell of one's author; swayed by his argument and description, one is apt to palliate what one can not personally deny. To Gautier "une course de taureaux est un des plus beaux spectacles que l'homme puisse imaginer," and so for the majority of foreign writers it has continued to be—picturesque, barbaric, strange as the dance of the Seises (the altar boys) before the high altar in the cathedral of Seville on Corpus Christi, probably the most brilliant and dramatic spectacle this world has still to offer. *Cosas de España!*

With some of the *toreros*, the *toreadors* of Spanish as she is spoke, books or chance visits to the arena have brought us some sort of acquaintance. Pepe-Illo, a tauromatistic man of letters as well as a proficient *espada*, the friend of the Duchess of Alba and of Goya who etched his death, died with his boots—or rather slippers—on in the last great battle with a bull as famous as himself. Then there was Martinche who awaited the bull's charge seated, with shackled feet, upon a chair. There was the celebrated lady picador, Cereguela, and the master Montes. Some of us still remember Bomba and Fuentes in the flesh, while more still may have seen the youth-

ful Bombita, the idol of the last generation. Yet all this, again, is from the spectators' gallery. "Blood and Sand," however, admits us, as it were, behind the scenes, or, in the vernacular, *entre bastidores*.

The story—a sort of pseudo-biography based, in part at least, upon the career of a certain Frascuelo—carries the popular *espada* Juan Gallardo from the heyday of his triumphs, when he "kills everything they throw out to him," "putting the bulls into his pocket," to the time when, weakened by wounds and dissipation, fear has gradually taken possession of his very soul—a fear as cold and ghastly as any ever conceived by Maupassant—making his arm unsteady and his will "to lean up against them" weak. But his professional pride, the *verguenza torera*, holds him to his work despite the jeering and cursing of the crowd. The bull's horn—thus he dies. The plot is almost negligible. The action moves rapidly in a series of great tableaux—a sort of *"torero's* progress, *à la* Goya. The *milieu*, abounding in magnificent descriptions, every detail true to the fact, is sumptuous enough to have satisfied even Gautier. Yet its truth needs to be defended against those who exclaim, "Exaggeration! caricature! *mentira!"* It is but too true. Not primarily for the faithful were excursions run annually from Paris and the north for the Holy Week celebrations at Seville.

The author's serious purpose appears in the interview between the successful and dissolute Gallardo and the bandit Plumitas.

> "Everybody knows his own business, Seño Juan," Plumitas continued as if he guessed the matador's thoughts. "We both live by killing: you kill bulls and I kill men. The only difference is that you are rich and carry off the palms and beautiful women while I often rage with hunger. . . . I believe that we have come too late into this world. What things men of valor and enterprise like ourselves might have done in former days! You would not have been killing bulls, neither should I have been wandering over the country hunted like a wild beast. We might have been viceroys, archipampanos or something great across the seas. Have you ever heard of Pizarro, Seño Juan? . . . I repeat, we were born too late. The gates are closed upon poor men; the Spaniard does not know where to go or what to do. All the places where he might have spread have been appropriated by the English or other countries. I who might have been a king in America or elsewhere am proclaimed an outlaw, and they even call me a thief. You, who are a brave man, kill bulls and carry off the palms, still I know many who look upon the *torero's* profession as a low one."

Gallardo is to appear in his native town at the great performance of the year, *la corrida de la Resurrección*. He is knocked down and trampled by the bull and only saved from death by the devoted courage of his friend the banderillero, *El Nacional*. It is a splendid passage. Consternation fills the land; newspapers get out special editions; guards are hurriedly placed about the Plaza to keep the crowd, anxious for news, from storming the infirmary. But he recovers, slowly. And as he lies upon his bed of suffering he listens to a long conversation on the history and ethics of tauromachy between his doctor, Ruiz, and El Nacional, who, despite the fact that he works mechanically at his job, scorns the calling and sees in it only another evidence of his country's degeneracy. This passage has been excised by the translator, perhaps at the command of the publishers. It is of prime importance, however, as showing exactly what Ibañez thinks of the bullfight. Not to give it is to refuse to listen to the author in his most earnest moments, when in return for the entertainment he offers he asks for a few minutes of serious thought from his public.

When it is all over and the *chulos* bear away the mangled body, untenanted by its despairing spirit, we hear the yelling of the crowd demanding that the sport go on. "It was the roaring of the wild beast, the true and only one." It helps, perhaps, in understanding the courage of Blasco Ibañez in thus attacking the cherished atrocity of his native land, to look at his almost heroic portrait by Sorolla in the Hispanic Museum. The book and the picture complement and explain each other.

Olé los hombres valientes! Viva España!

The Lot of American Wives

HIS WIFE'S JOB. By Grace Sartwell Mason. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

DIVERGING ROADS. By Rose Wilder Lane. New York: The Century Company.

THE SEE-SAW. By Sophie Kerr. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

OUR women novelists continue to be very busy with the lot of American wives, especially the wives of the hustling young business men, the makers and spenders. Anne Henderson in "His Wife's Job" is presented frankly as a type: "All over the country there were hundreds, yes, thousands like her, wives of high-salaried young men who were neither of the overworked laboring class nor of the equally overworked moneyed world. They were born and spent all their days in the temperate zone of human endeavor. They went from a father's providing hand to a husband's protection, and the winds were tempered to them from the cradle to the grave." Sleek parasites, childless and carefully "groomed" darlings of the matinée and the bridge-party: one would think they might have learned to see and despise themselves in the mirror of current fiction. Alas, the novelists and our own observation show them to be pretty numerous still. What shall they do to be saved? They have been told often enough. They must make themselves of some use in the world. As to the means, authorities differ. We have the old-fashioned counsel of writers like Kathleen Norris, who urge a return to nature, to motherhood and housewifery, and we have the fresher and somewhat shriller exhortations of story-tellers like Gertrude Atherton, who are all for "economic independence" and the lure of the job, both as something to do and by way of hint to the lord of the harem as to "where he gets off." A favorite solution of late has been the development of some sort of partnership in labor between the married pair. Miss Mason employs it in "His Wife's Job," the war proving a godsend, as with most recent stories, in the working-out of the plot. Anne is the silly pretty girl-wife, whose husband has married her with the avowed purpose of spoiling her and has made a thorough success of it. She spends as fast as he earns, so that when after seven years his chance comes to pass from salaried man to partner in a thriving business, the bit of capital necessary is lacking. This is unpleasant for Roger, and for once he allows it to be unpleasant for Anne. He spends a night "walking around his House of Life." It is in a sad mess; but what to do?—Ha! There is a war on, come to think of it. On with the war! With Roger comforting his soul at the front, Anne has her problem still to settle. According to the latest recipe, to be sure, she would follow Roger's example, don a Red Cross costume, and presently find Roger, not too gravely damaged, in a hospital somewhere "over there." Not so Anne: her escape is to be by way of another popular exit, "economic independence." That is the cause to which, being alone and bored, she is impelled to devote herself. After a fiasco as an amateur shop-keeper (an enterprise financed, not without precedent, by an elderly rake of a millionaire), she finds a humble place with her husband's former employers; "makes good" there, and becomes her husband's business partner in an important after-the-war enterprise. "His partner! She felt, as she walked along beside him, as if they had discovered the secret rhythm of the world, and were moving joyously in touch with it." They still have no children and no thoughts of them unless as potential intruders, one supposes, who might well interfere with that newer source of wedded rhythm, a business partnership.

There appear to be three "Diverging Roads" in the novel of that title, all of which beckon the Helen Davies of the tale. They may be called Pleasure, Shelter, and Independence. Helen is the sufficiently nice girl in the hopelessly humdrum small town—California happens to contain it, but any other of our States might, in so far as it concerns us. A decent, plodding lad of the town attracts her, in the name of his youth and sex. But she has no intention of waiting for his slow fortunes in her poor home. She aspires to a job, studies telegraphy, becomes a hotel operator in San Francisco, falls in with a gay vulgar crowd which offers her pleasure: meets and is carried off by a magnetic male, a promoter. They go through the marriage ceremony, but none the less her position is that of his mistress. After some years, he duly deserts her, whereupon she becomes, in fairly short order, a successful business woman. Meanwhile the plodding lover of her youth has moved upward; he is still faithful and, jaded by her effort and moved by real affection for him, she promises to be his wife. Here, according to the standards of the woman's magazine—a quaint fact for those who have begun to doubt the eternal feminine—the story should end. Home! Home and peace and children for the woman worn with passion and with toil. However, our author does not see it in that way. The third road is still open. Already to employ her energies, after her voluntary retirement from business, she has turned her hand to journalism and even "made good" at it, in a preliminary way. She joins a group of "newspaper girls" and other skirted bachelors of aggressive independence. We leave her embarking for the Far East, as a newspaper correspondent in war-time. Is she getting her cake at last? Or leaving it behind? She seems hardly to know. On the whole, she believes the plodding one has really loved not her, but the girl she used to be. He will find some one to fit that memory, with herself out of the way: "That's why it hurt me so!" she thought with sudden illumination. "Not because I wanted him, but because I wanted to be all that I had been, and to have all that I have missed and never will have. Marriage and home and children. No, I can't ever fit into it now. But—there's all the world, all the world outside, waiting for me!" Her thoughts turned forward to it.

Not for naught is the author of "The See-Saw" managing editor of the *Woman's Home Companion*. She knows that nothing is so dear to the heart of the new woman (and her consort) as the old one; that however fashions may change, the Amelia Sedleys will never are strange and brilliant chances to be out of date; and that though there won in "the story-writing game," the one "sure bet" is the story based upon sweet woman suffering at the caprice of masterful man. Marcia Crossey is yet another modern Griselda who wins to her final reward by sheer meekness and waiting. Otherwise the Amelia analogy is better; for Harleth Crossey is little more than an Osborne Americanized and commercialized, while his Leila is a highly colored Becky of the tango period (and Marcia's absurd faithful Jennings is nothing if not a Dobbin). Harleth "goes the pace," a brilliant money-maker, a feverish hunter for pleasure, the type of man to be bored with a good and beautiful wife, and an easy dupe for the Leilas. Leila happens to be his stepmother, but a pair of divorces take care of all that. Harleth soon learns what a fool he has been and, fortunately for him, Leila is sufficiently a bad one to take herself off his hands presently, for the sake of a richer man. The rest is easy. All Harleth has to do is to find Marcia, to tell her that she is the only woman he has ever really loved, and to groan, "If you've changed—then there's nothing steady in the world." . . . "She could not deny him. What was there in the world without her, he had asked. And what was there in the world for her without him? . . . She leaned toward him and stretched out her hands to him, tenderly, loyally: 'I haven't changed,' she said. 'I haven't changed. I'm your wife—always.'" Let us not affect to laugh at this. Marcia is a real type and this is a true situation. The perennial tale is well if not subtly retold. Harleth is a stumbling-block to the male reader. Why does the woman novelist of choice take a cad for hero? Because she does not know a cad when she sees one, as we males allege? Or because all males *are* really cads, and only woman is man enough to admit it?

H. W. BOYNTON

An Object-Lesson for Socialists

BOLSHEVISM. By John Spargo. New York: Harper and Brothers.

MR. SPARGO'S account of Bolshevism is a useful book in these days. It has caused much commotion among our "little groups of serious thinkers" who have made "parlor Bolshevism" so popular a fad in New York this year. Mr. Spargo may justly claim to share with "Babushka" the distinction of excommunication from the company of truly "forward looking" and "socially minded" folk. "Babushka's" age may perhaps excuse her somewhat, but what excuse shall Mr. Spargo find?

It is a useful book because it contains the facts concerning Bolshevist Russia stated in an orderly way and is reasonably well documented. It is doubly useful because it is written by a Socialist of the orthodox type and therefore will reach many and convince many who would not read such a book if it were written by a "bourgeois" person. It is a highly significant book in these times, for it shows how the wind blows and does it in a manner that leaves no room for doubt.

Mr. Spargo has shown in his writings on Socialism a very keen sense for the weak spots in the Socialist platform. He has been among the American group of writers the nearest to a "trimmer" that Socialist literature reveals. His "Marxian Socialism and Religion" is unique among Socialist books for its frantic attempts to reconcile the unreconcilable, and compromise contraries. This makes the more interesting his vigorous effort to detach Bolshevism from Socialism and to clear the skirts of the latter from the excesses of the former—also to rescue orthodox Socialism from the fate that he evidently apprehends for Bolshevism.

The argument is well arranged and Mr. Spargo has no difficulty in showing how completely Bolshevism is at war with "Democracy." But to one who has read Mr. Spargo's own books on Socialism and the books of other orthodox writers of the party it is easy to see that between the present condition of things in Russia and the principles of Marx there is very little *real* difference. The rule of the proletariat, as Lenin and Trotsky see it, is only necessary in order to establish the "classless" commonwealth. As soon as *all* the people are proletarian workers, all will vote, and then the community will be "democratic." Abolition of class, according to the Marxian creed, is an indispensable preliminary to the final stage of human society; while class persists, there is class struggle, and the famous Hegelian process is still short of its final synthesis—the coöperative Commonwealth. Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky are merely helping along the Hegelian process! One cannot avoid feeling that Mr. Spargo's concern over Bolshevism—apart, of course, from a natural and proper aversion on his part to its criminal excesses and cruelties—is that it is furnishing a very dangerous object-lesson as to Socialism itself and what we might expect Socialism to be in action or, at least, in getting into action!

However, as we have said, it is an interesting book and well worth while, quite apart from its esoteric significance, and we are glad to be able to recommend it to the public. The reactions that it is exciting among our long-haired *intelligentzia* are good testimony to its merits as a statement of facts.

The Run of the Shelves

IN a book by a college president, which undertakes among other things to sketch the outlines of the future American college, we can not forbear to linger over a little vignette describing past conditions which we are earnestly invited to abjure.

Thus, the early Middle Ages conceived education as ability to read and write the ancient languages, because this power gave to the clergy their exalted position above the masses, a tradition which has persisted in a measure until to-day.

Concerning so pretty a formula, so commodious a basis on which to found the educational structure of the future, it seems amost a pity to remark that it comes about as near the truth as some statement to the effect that the twentieth century American gentleman habitually wears a full suit of chain mail, both to protect himself against the arrows of the Indians and to exhibit his superiority to the proletariat, who are clothed only in leather jerkins. Any one to whom the Middle Ages is something more than a catchword for the dark backward and abysm of time may amuse himself with a picture of John of Salisbury, to name one of the most enlightened of thirteenth century clerics, solemnly spouting Sophocles to the gaping "lewd". The thing is grotesquely impossible. If for "ancient languages" our modern educational authority had said merely "Latin" he would have been measurably nearer the truth, for doubtless the mediæval preacher, when he could be got to preach, did sometimes saffron his discourse with tags of Latin to the edification of the vulgar. But the ordinary arts course in the mediæval university, and by no means all the real scholars were members of a university, did not consist of the unrelieved study of Latin texts directed toward the attainment of some superior sort of culture. The mediæval clerk learned enough colloquial Latin in the grammar school to enable him to move about in the cosmopolitan society of the university where Latin was of necessity the only common medium. Once at the university we may be sure he proceeded to "drop Latin" as a study and went hard at what he regarded his proper business, dialectic, medicine, law, more rarely theology. How to meet a drift toward the practical, the immediately remunerative, was as much a problem then as now.

In a recent series of thoughtful war essays, "Volleys from a Non-Combatant," Mr. William Roscoe Thayer has inserted two of his war lyrics, "France: 1916" and "Let Foch Decide." The practice of mixing prose and verse from the same hand in a single volume seems natural and blameless. Why is it so rare? There is Boethius, doubtless, with his proses and metres, and there is Dante with his alternations in the "Vita Nuova." There are Elizabethan transitions where prose blossoms into poetry like Aaron's rod or poetry shrivels into prose like the withering fig-tree. But, in a broad view, verse and prose have held aloof from each other almost as distrustfully as artists and bourgeois. In complete editions of masters in both forms, we break chronology, even in these days when chronology is sacred, to save prose and verse from the embarrassment of propinquity.

But the notion that a volume from one hand should be wholly prose or wholly verse has no hold upon our reason at all proportional to its grip on our habits and feelings. Is the partition warranted? Would not poetry, in particular, gain by interspersion with prose? If, as people say, poems are concentrations, should not these concentrations be spaced and distributed rather than massed? Isn't Mr. Thayer sound in his departure?

Mr. George Pierce Baker, of Harvard University, has recently published a manual of "Dramatic Technique." The book will be reviewed later; for the moment it suggests a remark or two on the duplication of labor in manuals. A few years ago Mr. William Archer published an excellent treatise on "Play-Making." Let us suppose provisionally that Mr. Baker's book is quite as good as Mr. Archer's. Why two books? I am not blaming Mr. Baker in the least. Mr. Archer's priority can not invest him with any rights or impose upon Mr. Baker any obligations. I speak in the interest of the world which numbers both Mr. Archer and Mr. Baker among its servants. In civic and private life, when a job has been well done, we wait for time to undo it before we undertake to re-do it. A householder who has slated his roof does not re-slate it till time has proved the inefficiency or worn out the efficiency of the first labor.

The principle scarcely applies to sciences like physics or chemistry where the advance of knowledge outruns and disables the text-book. There can be no permanent chart of a shifting frontier. But dramatic technique belongs to a different class. It is a branch of rhetoric, and rhetoric is prevalently stationary. Although no science, in our own time, is more fickle and volatile in its text-books, in this point it possibly resembles the man, who, unable to rebuild his house like his neighbors, should repaint it every year to produce the appearance of novelty. Where is the need of two competent manuals of whist or chess or arithmetic or fencing or dramatic technique? There will be differences, of course, but differences must be subsidiary, since the teaching of a practical art rests on the assumption that practice is uniform and ascertainable.

Mr. Francis W. Kelsey, in a fresh edition of Cæsar's "Commentaries," refers aptly enough to the novel interest which the world-war confers upon that martial classic. Schoolboys once fought their way inch by inch through the barbed-wire entanglement of its involved and baffling syntax. Some of them have learned since what it meant to fight their way almost foot by foot on Cæsar's battlefields through difficulties which made the prowess of Rome seem almost as boyish as their own wrestlings with the Latin tongue. The contrasts, like the analogies, are striking. Cæsar fought like America against Germans, but he fought for empire, for militant and arrogant organization, the spirit which the modern Cæsar (or Kaiser) embodied no less clearly in the forms of his policy than in the syllables of his name. The difference lay in the fact that Cæsar was greater than his side or his part; the present Kaiser has been less.

Drama

Peninsular and Oriental—Benavente and Kalidasa

NEW YORK, the manifold, becomes a particle of Cathay in the presentation of Shakuntala at the Greenwich Village Theatre. I brought fresh if untrained eyes to its succinct auditorium, and found my pleasure in the warmth of its curtains a little cooled by the bleakness of its woodwork. At 8.40 two stage curtains went up, and from the solemn folds of a third, in which duns and purples met like asceticisms and carnalities in an Oriental cultus, the first hermit stepped forth to deliver the initial prayer in tones of unrivaled modulation. The story is enswathed with prologues almost as effectually as the stage with curtains. The stage-manager now appears in person in desultory converse with an actress-cantatrice—a device which Goethe, who reveled in "Shakuntala," may have distantly repeated in the Director-Poet prologue of his "Faust." From this point onward, spectacle, often if not always beautiful, dominates the play. The points that enrich the memory are the forest scene of Act I, the parable rather than the replica of a vine-hung Eastern wood, and the precipice or abyss of sky which supplies a vivid background to the court scenes of Act III. The word "spectacle" is too narrow for the truth. The ear is courted

by devious and dreamy melodies mostly off-stage, and even the nostril is proffered the blandishment of incense.

Meanwhile, the story, the drama, becomes, in this American representation at least, a sort of background to the picture. There are penalties and barters in these things. When picture, as in "Shakuntala," becomes half articulate, speech may become a decorative tracery or fresco. Tone usurps the place of words; the words, indeed, in the celerity of packed and eager utterance, were often hardly distinguishable. "Shakuntala" has been described in the advertisements as the "Romeo and Juliet" of the Hindoos. As read, it partly justifies this praise, but what we get in the Greenwich Theatre is not so much the fire of love as the beautiful, hand-painted screen which protects our vision from that fire. The story, at best, is slight. Shakuntala, informally wedded to King Dushyanta, sets out to seek her royal consort with the sign of their wedlock on her finger and its fruit in her womb. The monarch is all loyalty and bounty, but a vindictive priest-enchanter, whom some one has omitted to welcome, has blurred his eyesight and darkened his memory. Shakuntala has lost the ring which should dispel misunderstanding, and happiness is for the moment blocked; but a chain of circumstances, in which a fish with an appetite for rings, a breadwinner whose quest is fish, and two police officers whose prey is fishermen, are the agreeable, if somewhat improbable, links, restores memory to Dushyanta and honor to Shakuntala. The text of the play is not before me, but I should say from memory that the acting version rejects half of the original. So fearless an abridgment should straighten out a meandering plan, but excisions made in the interest of spectacle can not insure the solidarity of drama. Reduction may even bring out disparity, as an uncongenial trio is less at ease than an ill-assorted group of twelve or twenty persons. For example, the beautiful but absurdly misplaced dance of Miss Grace Cristie in the second scene of Act IV would be less glaringly irrelevant in a larger and more loosely comprehensive drama in which the jungle of episodes would as jungle partly justify itself.

The best acting is perhaps that of Mr. Geoffrey Stein in the part of the jester. Years ago, in reading "Shakuntala," I found the same surprise and joy in the discovery of racy humor in this voluptuous Hindoo idyl that I should have had in cutting an Indian palm and finding that it exuded the tars and pitches of our northern woods. The other night I felt the humor less in the text itself than in the richly tinted burlesque of Mr. Stein's expertly varied tones. Mr. Joseph Macaulay makes a very acceptable King Dushyanta, though he acts the paragon too evidently, and his saccharine facial expression is repeated in the conserve of his speech. With Miss Beatrice Prentice as Shakuntala my contentment was not absolute. She crept and drooped and coiled and clung, as if she were acting, not a woman, but the jasmin to which she was so perseveringly compared. The other parts were competent; the actors are trained elocutionists. Their elocution is good, except where they have been overtrained, and their silences are masterly.

The "Bonds of Interest" purports to tell how a nominal servant, whose relation to his nominal master is partly that of Phormio to Antipho in Terence or of Iago to Roderigo in Shakespeare, secures a fortune and a beauty for this master by yoking the self-interest of other persons to his designs. But the fellow, like Iago, is as much jester and philosopher as rogue, and the roguery is so close to sport that neither Benavente nor Crispin (the servant) has tasked himself to make the tricks ingenious. Indeed, the poor Crispin is made a pauper even in brains by the acceptance of an alms from fortuity in the form of a previous acquaintance with the iniquities of Polichinelle. The insouciance of both author and trickster has its danger; the farce that becomes its own butt may become its own enemy.

Beneath all these levities is a serious idea, which may be roughly formulated thus: Knave and good fellow are not divisions of mankind, but compartments in every individual; or, if you please, a rogue lurks in every gentleman, as a gentleman hides in every rogue. Such a dictum is no doubt as demoralizing to rogues as it is sanative for gentlemen, but, taken broadly, its truth and modernity are hardly questionable; it is almost the flower of our age's insight. But Benavente has not dramatized his theme. The moral is not *stirred in*, to borrow a phrase from cookery, but forms a clot or curd of doctrine, apparent chiefly in two notable but intruded speeches, that of Silvia in the conclusion, and that of Crispin to Columbine in Act II. In these intrusions the play really culminates. The situation is peculiar; a play that culminates in its excrescences might almost as well culminate between the acts.

I have still a third quarrel with the conduct of the drama. Benavente tells us that his characters are puppets unearthed from the fading repertory of the grotesque "commedia dell'arte." Now a dramatist may stage puppets, if he likes, just as a painter may paint shadows. He may even stage puppets and realities in the same play, as a painter may include trees and shadows of trees in the same picture. But I disown the painter who so paints trees and shadows that I can not tell where tree ends and shadow begins, and I reject the dramatist in whom the line between puppets and actualities is undiscernible. That is Benavente's fault. We are introduced to the half-world, the artistic demi-monde. The whole play is shifting and equivocal. The anomaly extends to Crispin himself, who figures sometimes as the most agile of the puppets, sometimes as showman.

I am bound perhaps to try to reconcile the unfailing and eager acceptance which this play finds among Spaniards and their kin with my own sense of its dramatic futility. The following may serve at least as makeshift. The Spaniards are divided between the romantic extravagance of their dreams or ideals and the cynicism of their perceptions. The contrast shows itself in other races; but in other races the two elements form an understanding; they confer, they negotiate, they sign a protocol, if not a peace. In the Spaniard the separation of these elements is complete; Don Quixote and Sancho Panza shout helplessly at each other from opposite sides of an indestructible and impenetrable wall. Now I do not think that Benavente broke down this partition; he merely hacked at it with an ax. But that partition has been for so many centuries a bewilderment and torment to the race that the sight of any effort to break it down is an inspiration and delight to every Spaniard.

The Theatre Guild in the Garrick Theatre gave a studious and shapely, if here and there somewhat overstressed, performance of the Benavente play. Mr. Augustine Duncan as Crispin owes his colleagues an apology for the oblivion in which they are swept by the vitality and resourcefulness of his portrayal. I think his playing better than his part, better by a wide margin than the play. Indeed the play is to him what Leander is to Crispin, a feeble thing transfused at moments with the glow of an imparted vigor. I thought at first that it was Mr. Duncan's office to give us gusto in horse-play, and I prepared myself to savor the gusto while I deprecated the horse-play. But as the drama went on and the calls upon Mr. Duncan became more varied, more delicate, and more exacting, I rejoiced increasingly in the versatility and perspicacity of his response. His Crispin finally became what for me, at least, Benavente's Crispin had never been, the embodiment of Nature herself, Nature *entremetteuse*, midwife, and stewardess, sly, jovial, audacious, unscrupulous, humoring man with toy idealism and gimcrack sentiment while guiding him steadily to those material issues on which her heart is set. Man's law may be other and higher; I am speaking now of Nature's.

This review would shirk a duty and miss a pleasure if it omitted a cordial

reference to the able if unequal work of Mr. Rollo Peters as designer of settings. The mushroom landscape of the first act pleased me less than the slightly cloying charm of the background in Act II, and far less than the noble interior scene of Act III, satisfying the eye like the rich sobriety of antique vellum.

O. W. FIRKINS

Jazz

THIS word, so compact in form, yet with a world of suggestion held within its four letters, has but recently been admitted to full membership in our language. The events of the last two years have given so great an introduction and impetus to the little symbol that it has won its way to almost universal recognition by the sheer force of its expressive quality. The special phenomenon which it so succinctly denotes is not new in the world, but new to us in the United States, and through us, to at least two of our great allies, Great Britain and France. I have just read in the New York *Times*, in a short article telling of the death of one of its most famous exponents, Lieutenant "Jimmy" Europe, that General Gouraud, according to rumor, would travel a hundred miles, risking a military defeat by his absence from headquarters, in order to hear Europe's "Jazz Band." A new phenomenon with an appeal so potent as to produce even this hearsay surely deserves analysis.

Just what is jazz? In striving to answer this query, I can not hope to imitate the admirable brevity of the word. Jazz is ordered and calculated noise. It is a compound of qualities, both rhythmic and melodic. It seeks, and with absolute success be it said, to sweep from our minds all simultaneous consideration of other things, and to focus our attention upon its own mad, whirling, involved self. Herein lies a large part of its compelling force and appeal. It may well be that General Gouraud could find the hideous load of responsibility lightened, perhaps even put aside for the moment, as he listened to Europe's jazzing, and that he felt his pulse responding to the virile rhythm, and his emotions joining in the rush of the humorous care-free mood. Certain it is that our doughboys, fresh from the trenches, with days and weeks of grim endeavor and physical strain behind them, turned to the jazz furnished by their bands and found in it relaxation and solace and cheer which enabled them to forget what was past and to abandon themselves wholeheartedly to the joyous hilarity of the present moment.

There is not the slightest doubt that in this maelstrom of rhythm there abides a powerful tonic effect. Through the medium of the physical, it reaches and influences the psychological attitude. I have been convinced of the truth of this fact by personal experience, undergone not once but many times. Exhibit A, in my own case, might perhaps be my Victrola's rendering of the record of Joseph Smith's Orchestra, playing the "Havanola" fox-trot. While naturally of an optimistic temperament, I am not immune to the raids of mental and physical exhaustion. Scores of times I have been reanimated by the "Havanola," even when I seemed to be going down for the third time. Now, compared to a jazz band, my disk is as a violet to a sunflower. Its effect is, however, out of all proportion to its size.

The component elements of jazz are rhythm, melody, and a certain modicum of contrapuntal inner voices. But the greatest of these is rhythm. The right jazz band starts out to "get you" and leaves nothing to chance. It is fairly well established that only an oyster can resist the appeal of syncopated rhythm when it is performed with masterful abandon—abandon which absolutely controls dynamic gradations and vital accents.

The howitzers of the jazz band's artillery are stationed in the "traps." Under this heading we find all the instruments of percussion, such as the big drum, the snare drum, cymbals, triangle, wooden blocks played upon with drumsticks, xylophone, cowbells, rattles, whistles for the production of various weird noises, and a host of other implements, often the personal conceptions of individual players of the traps. The trombones may represent field guns, while the clarinets, oboes, saxophones, alto horns, and cornets furnish the rapid-fire batteries. The range being point-blank, it is easy to see why the effect of the "drum-fire" is complete!

The melody will always be borne by sufficient instruments to ensure its "getting over." Then, in the inner voices of the band, will take place a combination of effects which adds enormously to the total drive of the number. Here are certain of the contrapuntal features which are mentioned above. They consist of a variety of hilarious effects, produced by trombones or saxophones, attained by a curious sliding from note to note. This creates an extremely comical result. This characteristic and droll portamento has become so well known and so popular that it has achieved a specific name—"blues," a humorously apt designation. A striking contrast is made by the mournful soughing of the trombones in the midst of the joyous riot of the rest of the band. Sharp rhythmic ejaculations arise from out the welter of sound, and over the whole tumult the traps-player spreads his array of dazzling accents, brought forth with absolute virtuosity from his motley army of noise producers. It almost seems, at times, like a case of "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost." But it is not so, and there is definite purpose and ordered means in it all.

I feel that I need, perhaps, to justify my statement that jazz is not new in the world. In the summer of 1914, I was visiting at Céligny, on the shore of Lake Geneva, with Ernest Schelling. On the night of the 31st of July, a Chinese festival was held at Morges, at Mr. Paderewski's château, in honor of his birthday. Mr. Schelling and I had arranged all the music for the Fête of the Dragon. He had four records of native Siamese orchestras taken in Siam by the European Victor Talking Machine Company, as I recollect. When I first heard them played, I was astounded, for there in this Siamese music, in spite of the strange Oriental idioms, from an Occidental's harmonic standpoint, was the very essence of—jazz! The music was like nothing that my ears had ever heard, and uncouth to the point of absolute unintelligibility. But there were the insistent rhythm, the demoniac energy, the fantastic riot of accents from the drums and other percussion instruments, and a humorous mood which made me laugh long and loud. It seemed humorous to me. I have often wondered what that mood really was—in Siamese. There is no room for doubt when we hear our own jazz! Wholehearted, boisterous, rough, but the very soul of kindly good humor and care-free merriment.

HOWARD BROCKWAY

Books Received

Cerf, B. Alsace-Lorraine since 1870. Macmillan. $1.50.

Democracy To-day. Edited by C. Gauss. Late English Classics. Scott, Foresman.

Field, W. T. Reading from English and American Literature Ginn.

Fitzpatrick, E. A. Experts in City Government. Appleton. $2.25 net.

Harris, Garrard. The Redemption of the Disabled. Appleton. $2.00 net.

Kolbe, P. R. The Colleges in War Time and After. Appleton. $2.00.

Stevenson, R. L. An Inland Voyage and Travels with a Donkey. Edited by James Cloyd Bowman. Allyn & Bacon.

The Short Story. Introduction and Notes by W. P. Atkinson. Allyn & Bacon.

Thurber, Samuel, Jr. Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice." The Academy Classics. Allyn & Bacon.

Watkins, D. E., and Williams, R. E. The Forum of Democracy Allyn & Bacon.

West, A. F. The War and Education. Princeton University Press. $1.00.

Woodburn, J A., and Moran, T. F. The Citizen and the Republic. Longmans, Green. $1.50.

World War Issues and Ideals. Edited by M. E. Speare and W. B. Norris. Ginn. $1.40.